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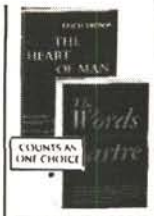

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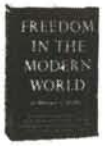

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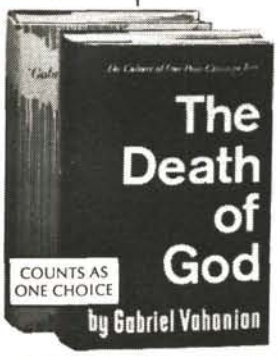

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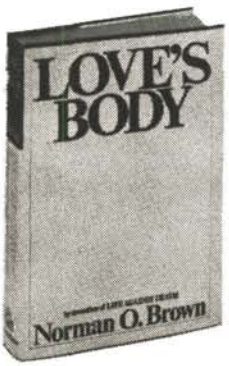

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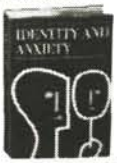

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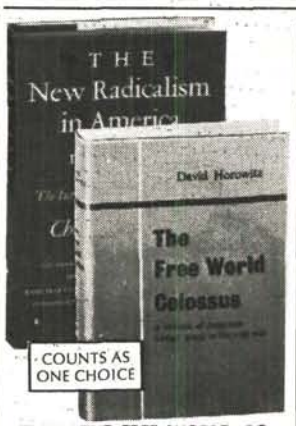

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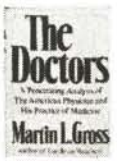

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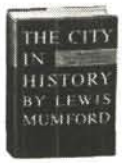

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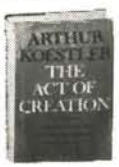

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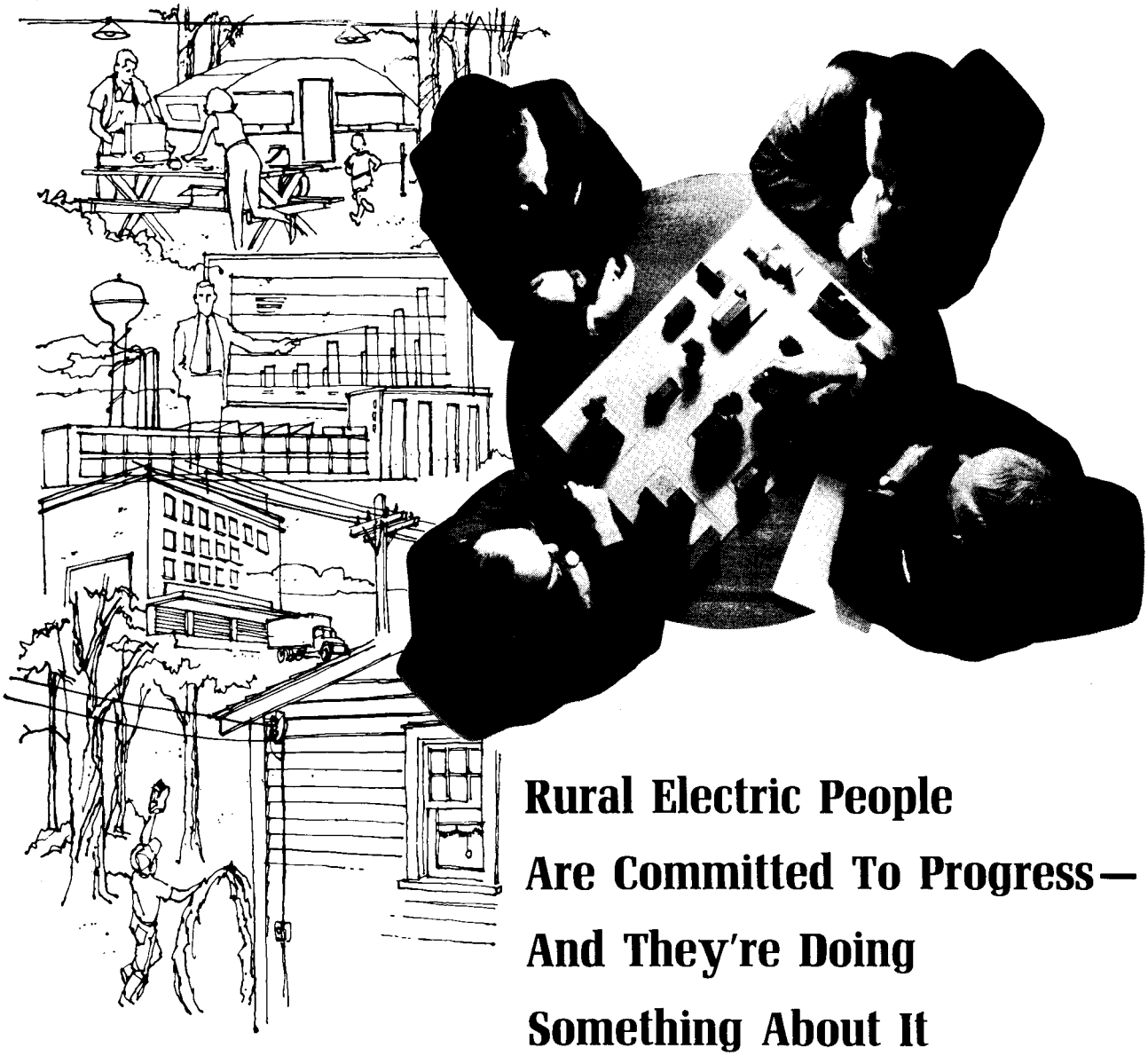

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

The Kennedy Act

★ Robert Kennedy looked like a man riding a surfboard down Jos Campau Avenue, Hamtramck, Michigan. He was standing up in an open car, Mennen Williams beside him, jiggling about in surging crowds that seemed like waves. Later on in the Upper Peninsula, Williams with his green polka-dot tie sat behind him on the platform of the Escanaba gym, and Kennedy mischievously said that everywhere he had gone in Africa he knew "Soapy" had been before him. The natives hurried up, he said, wearing a loin cloth and a bow tie, and shouting "Vote Democratic."

There was a carefree boyishness about it, an exuberance. Bobby told that story about his brother (we heard it nine times in two days): about getting a telegram: "President is in Asia; Vice President is in midwest; you are in Michigan. Have seized control." Signed "Teddy."

The Kennedy brothers do a fraternal act. Some time ago Teddy accepted a plaque for his brother, who was out of town. He said it was hard to keep up with Bobby and told this story. Seems two brothers went fishing, one with expensive equipment, the other with an old pole, and of course the latter got all the fish. Next morning the one with no fish stole out early with his brother's crude pole, mystified by his bad luck. Still he caught no fish. He tried and tried. As he sadly got ready to depart a fish stuck its head out of the water and asked, "Where's your brother?"

What is the charisma, magnetism, or whatever it is that makes the teenagers jump and mothers coo for Bobby? Partly it's the penitential American mood; if martyred Lincoln had had a younger brother he might have gone far politically, too – for a time. But it's more than this. Bobby can control a crowd, even with drunks in it, something Adlai Stevenson couldn't do. He can do something harder and stranger, he can quote highbrow poetry to a crowd and hold them. We don't recall many in that political league.

He climaxed his evocation of his brother's memory at the 1964 Atlantic City convention, you remember, with a poignant passage from *Romeo and Juliet*. And last week, before our two-day trip was over, he appeared at an upstairs balcony in the Park Plaza Hotel, Waterbury, Conn., under the frosty stars, and quoted Pericles and Dante to a flattered but incredulous crowd, and concluded with that passage from Frost that ends, "And I have promises to keep, And miles to go before I sleep, And miles to go before I sleep." Yes, it was thrilling, what with the harsh lights, the eerie sky, the hushed, hypnotized crowd.

But he also packs a mean punch. At Manchester, N.H., in one sentence, he blasted Neanderthal H. L. Hunt, McCarthyite William Loeb ("the most unreliable newspaper publisher in the country"), and Blimp-ish GOP senatorial candidate Harrison Thyng, a retired general, who wants to bomb Vietnam off the map.

LBJ's Operations

★ President Johnson on November 3 called the press into the Cabinet Room. He looked sprightly and tanned, with the happy expression he has before a big surprise. We expected to hear of a four-day Johnson pre-election "blitz." Calmly and casually, he said he was having a couple of small operations, a throat polyp removed and an incisional hernia protrusion from his gallbladder operation. Time out: two or three weeks. He spoke with dignity and left, turning the affair over to five doctors. Reporters hopped up and down in agony to get out. Then the mob scene, the hysterical rush, the bulletins shouted into telephones.

This is written before the November 8 results, but it might be interesting to put down the pre-election Washington thinking. It boiled down to a guess – that the GOP would win back around 25 seats, give or take perhaps five.

Actually, by any normal midterm average after a landslide, this is a poor showing. We had expected it to be 60 or 70 or more. The Republicans haven't done too well in the last two years. Their leader has been chameleon Dirksen, their record in Congress negative. The great hope was that the former GOP governors would somehow lift them off the ground. They did establish a Washington office but their leader, Gov. Robert Smylie, was defeated for renomination by a Goldwater Republican. Maybe with a few more governors the party can begin rebuilding again. It looks as though they would control the big states.

Well, what will happen after the election? In Vietnam we expect escalation. Signs already appear. Our arms are smashing the North Vietnamese and this phase of the conflict may end. We think the job of pacifying the countryside and putting back the landlords will be turned over to Gen. Ky, while we have the job of policing the place. This may be a dreadful, repressive period. Maj. Gen. Moshe Dayan, the Israeli soldier who has been touring the battlefield and who is reasonable and objective, lays down two postulates in the London *Sunday Times:* "I do not believe that Hanoi can continue for very long to wage a regular war against the American forces." And, "If the Viet Cong abandons regular warfare and goes over to guerrilla operations, I do not think that the Americans will be able to subdue them. . . . I do not believe that the Americans can bring pacification to Vietnam." So there you are.

How about the post-election home front? Our guess is that Mr. Johnson is about to lose effective control of Congress. He will retain a large nominal majority, of course, on paper. We hope we are wrong, for if it happens it will be goodbye to important social welfare legislation. Signs of retreat were already evident in the second part of the 89th Congress. The crucial test in the 90th will be right at the start, whether to continue to curb the House Rules Committee. The curb (the "21-day rule") may go.

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Nuclear Treaty Snags

This country and Russia may be near agreement on a "non-proliferation" treaty that could help make China the most powerful nation on earth, even if China refuses to sign it. Both the American and Soviet drafts of a treaty to prevent the further spread of nuclear weapons perpetuate the United States, Russia, Britain, France and China as the nuclear military Big Five, entrenching their nuclear military status while denying it to the have-nots. Nations without nuclear arms forego ever having them by signing the treaty. China would be confirmed as the only Asian nuclear power, and since it is already the most populous nation and in 30 or 40 years one out of every three human beings may be Chinese, the effect of the treaty may be to make China chairman of the board, not just one of five powerful directors of world affairs. That prospect has triggered some misgivings.

India and some other countries that have reached a point of being able to start their own production of nuclear weapons are reluctant to sign the treaty without conditions. They want the superpowers to halt further production of nuclear weapons and to cut back existing stockpiles and delivery systems. It is a reasonable demand. The US could, without undue risk, reduce its nuclear arsenal without waiting for Russia to cut back by an equal amount. Someone has to take the lead if nuclear arms are to be outlawed, and sooner or later China's as well as Russia's participation has to be obtained if there is to be nuclear disarmament. It is fine to prevent nuclear weapons spreading, nevertheless a non-proliferation treaty is not the same as agreement to disarm. Yet seeming Soviet willingness to sign up is tempting this country, and Britain, to hail it as if it were. Lord Chalfont, speaking for Britain, told the UN he hopes a treaty will be adopted even before the Assembly session ends on December 20. India and the other countries that have been expressing reservations are regarded impatiently as obstructionist nuisances. The chances are that, if the Russians really are serious, Washington will put considerable pressure on the doubters to get on the team, not rock the boat, and so forth, and India at any rate is in no position to stand up to such pressure.

Yet India's doubts will remain, and they are twofold: that the treaty is little more than a gimmick which may even get in the way of progress toward nuclear disarmament; and also that it offers nothing in the way of security to the non-nuclear countries, though it will compel them to give up all thought of ever having a nuclear deterrent of their own. Washington has been aware of the second point, and, in order to

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persuade protesting countries to sign on the dotted line has suggested to them that they will receive in return a compensatory guarantee of their security. Ambassador Arthur Goldberg told the UN that the US is "studying" what action it might take to protect a country like India against nuclear attack. President Johnson, in Malaysia, repeated that "nations which do not seek national nuclear weapons can be sure that they will have our strong support if they need it, against any threat of nuclear blackmail." There has been talk of a "nuclear umbrella" held over India's head by the US and Russia jointly, but this has evoked no encouraging noises in Moscow. To be effective, such an "umbrella" would presumably entail an adequate warning system against missiles – none exists in India – and probably nuclear weapons stationed in India. By the terms of the non-proliferation treaty, these would be under foreign control and very likely manned by foreign crews. There is evidence that an Indian government that accepted that arrangement in preference to India's developing its own nuclear weapons would come under heavy domestic fire.

American hopes for a non-proliferation treaty rose when Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko said on October 10 in Washington, after meetings with Mr. Johnson and Secretary Rusk, "It looks like both countries, the US and the USSR, are striving to reach an agreement." The gap between the American and Soviet draft treaties seems to have narrowed, and may be further removed by more American concessions on wording. The Soviet position is that no sixth country shall "participate in the ownership, control or use of nuclear weapons," directly or indirectly. The US draft treaty pledges the nuclear powers not to help non-nuclear countries get nuclear weapons "directly, or indirectly through third states or association of states, or through units of the armed forces or military personnel of any state, even if such units or personnel are under the command of a military alliance." The American wording seems to rule out nuclear sharing even in an alliance like the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, at least as far as concerns West Germany and other allies that are not nuclear powers. Goldberg told the UN that such allies "are entitled to have a voice in their collective nuclear as well as in their conventional defense," but the West Germans suspect that what the US really wants is to make a deal with Russia in Europe, perhaps in return for eventual Soviet pressure on Hanoi to end the Vietnam war. Talk of "nuclear sharing" in NATO has always been unreal, anyway, in the light of this country's continuing veto on the firing of nuclear weapons by its allies. The US draft treaty's wording may be further revised to convince the skeptical Russians on this point.

Soviet interest is understandable; they fear both the Chinese and the West Germans. The Czech radio said on October 24 that China has already hatched 30 to 50 big atomic bombs and has laid claim to Soviet border areas where, according to Soviet Communist Party chief Brezhnev and other Russian leaders, the Soviet Union maintains "unremitting vigilance." On October 20, Moscow's chief delegate to the UN, Nikolai Federenko, stated West Germany produces enough plutonium to make 13 atomic bombs a year and by 1970 will be able to turn out almost 200 bombs a year. The Russians want strengthened security in Europe so as to feel freer to deal with any Chinese threat.

The Administration is thinking about China, too. Reacting to China's firing of a missile with a nuclear warhead which Peking said exploded on target, Mr. Johnson on October 30 in Malaysia warned China that its continued testing of nuclear weapons "invites danger to China itself," for "the leaders of China must realize that any nuclear capability they can develop can and will be deterred." Grumbling that China's pursuit of a nuclear arsenal makes arms control vastly more difficult, he expressed the hope that China, being poor, will concentrate on economic development, presumably leaving development of nuclear arms to richer and nicer folks like ourselves. Of course this makes no sense to the Chinese. It may make even less sense, from this country's own point of view, to strive for a treaty which as it stands contributes nothing to nuclear disarmament and leaves China as the only Asian country with nuclear weapons. India and other protesting countries may sign a non-proliferation treaty only for a limited number of years, with the right to renege on it and resume freedom of action if the US and Russia meanwhile failed to disarm. A treaty whose real purpose seems to be to keep nuclear weapons from West Germans and so strengthen Russia against China offers non-nuclear countries more restrictions than benefits.

When it exploded its first nuclear device on October 16, 1964, China proposed a world summit conference to discuss eliminating nuclear weapons. France, the other nuclear country which probably wouldn't sign a non-proliferation treaty, also favors nuclear disarmament. At his October 28 press conference, General de Gaulle said he objected to the world's being "under the yoke of a double hegemony" of the US and Russia, and he defended French possession of nuclear weapons by declaring: "Because America and the Soviet Union did not destroy their absolute weapons, the spell had to be broken." China and France aren't going to consider halting their development as nuclear military powers until this country and Russia become serious about nuclear disarmament; and countries that don't now have nuclear weapons but can probably produce them won't willingly abandon that option forever by signing a treaty that seems to shirk the main issue.

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The Coonskin

Malaysia's prime minister, Prince Abdul Rahman, told President Johnson on October 30: "You cannot do less than what you are doing to bring the North Vietnamese to the conference table." Intentionally sarcastic or not, the remark accurately sums up the Manila conference and the presidential travelog that preceded and followed it. As a direct consequence of Manila, a negotiated peace is probably farther off than before.

In the United Nations on September 22, Ambassador Goldberg said that peace in Vietnam could come only through negotiation, and he suggested cessation of the US bombing of North Vietnam, and supervised withdrawal of "all external forces – those of North Vietnam as well as those from the United States and other countries aiding South Vietnam." How about participation by the Viet Cong in peace talks? Goldberg quoted a remark by Mr. Johnson that this would not be "an insurmountable problem," and added: "We invite the authorities in Hanoi to consider whether this obstacle to negotiation may not be more imaginary than real." On October 12 in a speech in Washington, Secretary Rusk appeared to be trying to clarify what was meant by withdrawal of the forces of North Vietnam. Rusk said: "There is an indigenous element in the war in South Vietnam but relatively it is even smaller than was the indigenous element in the case of Greece. We consider it well within the capacity of the South Vietnamese to handle. We and others are there because of aggression from the North – an aggression which the other side has repeatedly escalated and now includes many regiments of the regular army of North Vietnam. And we shall leave when these invaders and arms from the North go home."

The Manila conference concluded with the issue of a communiqué on October 25. It made no mention of stopping the bombing of the North. It said: "The people of South Vietnam will ask their allies to remove their forces and evacuate their installations as the military and subversive forces of North Vietnam are withdrawn, infiltration ceases, and the level of violence thus subsides." This was not quite what either Goldberg or Rusk had said, so reporters in Manila sought further clarification. One US official, unnamed, told Charles Mohr of *The New York Times* that what was meant was "withdrawal of elements introduced from the North . . . the indigenous southern forces are a different situation"; he added that "we could risk" leaving South Vietnam to deal with purely local guerrilla forces. However, on September 28 a Republican congressman, Melvin A. Laird of Wisconsin, had written to Townsend W. Hoopes, the Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs, asking if the Viet Cong would be free to continue fighting in South Vietnam after the withdrawal of American and North Vietnamese troops from South Vietnam? Hoopes replied: "Let me assure you the Department of Defense believes Ambassador Goldberg's speech includes the intent that Viet Cong military units would be deactivated in any proposed withdrawal of external forces from South Vietnam." As guerrilla forces by their very nature can't be "deactivated" without going completely out of business, the Hoopes interpretation of what Goldberg meant amounts to a Viet Cong surrender. And this fits the Manila communiqué's crafty wording, though not Mr. Mohr's unnamed official's reading of it.

Goldberg was right, though, when he said that only negotiations can end the war. The Viet Cong won't surrender, but they might be persuaded in time to try a cease-fire that places them firmly at the conference table, perhaps not as the "sole representatives" of the Vietnamese people but surely as an inevitable political component of a coalition government in Saigon. The meaning of Manila is that the US and its "Asian allies" (South Korea and white Australia and New Zealand, but not India, Japan, Indonesia or Pakistan) prefer to "win the war"; and in Mr. Johnson's ugly phrase, to "bring back that coonskin on the wall."

As de Gaulle Sees it

No caricature of Charles de Gaulle is too crude for our editorial cartoonists and writers: this overbearing man, ungrateful, petty, a narrow-minded nationalist with delusions of grandeur. But there he is, and "you cannot say," he told his press conference October 28, "that France and the world are the worse for it." The clarity of mind is remarkable; so is de Gaulle's sense of the ways men and nations move and his receptivity to new forms. It is no small thing for a 76-year-old professional soldier and passionate patriot to have unclamped his country's policies from the ties of old-fashioned colonialism and a constricting cold war.

Being "for France," he is for Europe – the wider, historical Europe: "Our continent must, by itself, from one end of its territory to the other, organize relaxation of tension, understanding and then cooperation. Such is the inspiration of our European policy, whether in our relations with Germany, our enemy of yesterday, or in our efforts for the organization of an economic and – perhaps one day – political grouping of the six, or in what we are doing to agree and to associate ourselves with the eastern countries."

Independence is not isolation: "Quite the contrary, we have not lived as long and as hard as we have, as a people among other peoples, without learning that

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our means have their limits, that our geography exposes us to great perils, that our economy calls for changes, that our progress is joined with that of mankind." Once again, during this monologue in the presence of the press in Paris, de Gaulle referred to "our American friends" – words that raise a hoot in high offices in Washington. For in those offices, "friends" are those who go along – even if down dead-ends, and de Gaulle won't do it. He balked at the now-abandoned plan for a multilateral nuclear force; he does not go along with US intervention in Vietnam. And on the latter, he is chillingly correct. Peace requires America's "observing the principle according to which each people should settle its affairs in its own way and by itself. . . . They would have to bring back to America the forces that little by little, they have sent to Vietnam after the departure of our forces. They would also have to accept as a basis of a future settlement a real and effectively controlled neutrality of Southeast Asia and assistance needed to help it patch up its ruins and resume its development. Finally, the Americans would have to recognize that in Asia no agreement, no important treaty, is valid without the participation of China, and they would have to draw the conclusions as regards relations to be established with this great state and as regards its rightful place in the United Nations."

Goodyear and Rumania

Last year the Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. abruptly broke off negotiations with Rumania for construction of a $50-million synthetic rubber plant when the Young Americans for Freedom boycotted Firestone products at home. YAF did not like the idea of American companies trading with the Reds, and was egged on in this patriotic cause by the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co. Goodyear said it had turned down the Rumanian deal because it did not want to leak technical secrets to the communists which might eventually find their way to Moscow, or worse, Peking.

Firestone had acted with the encouragement of the Administration, and there was nothing secret about its synthetic rubber processes. It was said at the time that Goodyear was getting back at its competitor, because Goodyear had wanted the Rumanian deal but had muffed the negotiations.

It is not altogether surprising, therefore, to discover the name of Russell deYoung, Goodyear's chairman, on a list of 24 American executives, off on a Time, Inc. tour of eastern European countries, including Rumania. The idea is to open up more trade between them and the US. The Time, Inc. mission will report the prospects to Washington. Firestone officials were not invited.

Kennedy Assassination

Two years after publication of the Warren Commission's Report on the assassination of President Kennedy, a spate of books and articles has raised serious questions about the validity of the commission's conclusions, and more than one critic has pressed for a second investigation. Last week, all this criticism evoked a first official response, however indirect. The Justice Department announced that the Kennedy family has deposited in the National Archives some 65 photographs (both color and black and white) and X rays of President Kennedy's body, all made during the autopsy that was performed at Bethesda Naval Hospital on the evening of the assassination. These photographs and X rays had been under the control of the Kennedy family, and they remain so, in that access to them will for the time being apparently be permitted only to official federal investigative agencies. Before long, however, there may be access as well by private individuals or organizations, with the specific consent of the Kennedy family.

For its own part, the Justice Department has deposited in the Archives all the physical evidence considered by the Warren Commission, such as Oswald's rifle, a nearly whole bullet which the commission thought went through both President Kennedy and Governor John B. Connally of Texas, bullet fragments, the President's clothing. There are already at the National Archives, and available for study, most of the investigative reports and working papers of the Warren Commission, although some reports remain classified and are not open to private persons. The materials deposited last week will thus virtually complete the holdings at the Archives, and constitute, in their way, an invitation to analysis and further investigation.

A spokesman for the Justice Department indicated that the deposits had been made in response to the recent criticism of the commission, and one may thus, perhaps, perceive a glimmer of official readiness, if not to reopen the investigation, at least to cooperate with a fresh inquiry.

The dramatic deposit of the photographs and X rays is unquestionably a wise and valuable move. The Warren Commission did not examine them, relying instead on the testimony of the doctors who performed the autopsy. Recent literature raises a question about the location of the first wound suffered by President Kennedy, which the commission located in his back, at the base of the neck. It has been suggested that the wound may have been lower than that, in which event the bullet that came in through it could not have made an exit, as the commission found, through the President's throat, and could not have then gone on also to wound Governor Connally.

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The photographs will most probably clear up this point beyond doubt. It is of course barely possible that they may show that the wound was indeed lower than the commission reported. If so, that would be a discovery of the first importance, strongly – but not conclusively – supporting the hypothesis of a second assassin. But it is quite unlikely that the autopsy doctors, on whom the commission relies, made such an elementary error in their report, or that they were part of some sort of a conspiracy to suppress the truth, and it is therefore most probable that the photographs will confirm the commission's report on the location of the President's first wound of entry. In that case, a relatively minor question about the validity of its findings and the quality of its work will have been cleared up. But other serious doubts about its explanation of the Kennedy assassination will remain, and the possibility – although no more than the possibility – of a second assassin will not have been excluded.

CDGM Muddle

The story so far: With luck and pluck, the Child Development Group of Mississippi managed to survive the attacks and deceptions of local segregationists, Washington politicians, and the Office of Economic Opportunity for almost a year and a half. There were difficulties in management, some backsliding, but to a remarkable degree CDGM let poor black people run their own program – and it worked. There were 124 of the Head Start pre-schools in 28 counties, with 13,000 children.

Did it work too well to last? The antagonism of the segregationists increased. The uncomfortable Washington politicians began looking for a way out. And finally, the OEO managers took hatchet to hand and proceeded to do CDGM in.

When we last left the program, it was barely breathing but alive. The current OEO grant ran out in October, but CDGM managed to keep 50 centers operating without money on a voluntary basis. The OEO's substitute for CDGM – a coalition of white moderates and cautious Negroes called Mississippi Action for Progress – began taking over Head Start operations. Perhaps the Mississippi moderates were interested in building a political base for future activities. Presumably, it would dovetail with the interests of the Democratic Administration in Washington.

But a strange bed-ful of fellows has taken up CDGM's cause for re-funding. The principals are churchmen and labor leaders of the Walter Reuther stripe. Their campaign has many components: there was picketing of OEO headquarters in Washington and Mississippi, a "blue ribbon" report refuting OEO charges of fiscal mismanagement and black pantherism, and pressure from several powerful figures theoretically within the Johnson consensus. Reuther, for instance, strongly supported CDGM. Joseph L. Rauh, Jr., one of the most energetic lobbyists in Washington, D.C. (civil rights, labor, the Americans for Democratic Action), has become special counsel to CDGM. At a press conference, he railed out at OEO Director Sargent Shriver for "fracturing the fragile middle" in Mississippi.

The pressure has had some effect on Shriver. He now claims that he never cut off CDGM from the hope of re-funding, and that some settlement is still possible. In late October, he and his top staff men flew to Atlanta to meet with the CDGM directors. The figure "five million dollars" (half the current grant, on an annual basis) was heard, and everyone agreed to continue negotiations. They resumed last week in Washington, but have so far come to no resolution. There are a number of technical questions which stand in the way of a re-funding, but more important is a matter of policy: should CDGM have a chance to compete with other Head Starts for the loyalty and participation of the poor people of Mississippi? OEO says it alone will decide who gets what; CDGM would leave it up to the people whose lives and livelihoods will be affected. CDGM still believes, perhaps too innocently, in OEO's commitment, "participation of the poor."

The fight for CDGM has assumed a significance no one foresaw a few months ago. It has touched off a broad attack on the poverty program – in content and style. Certainly the OEO has not covered itself with glory in defending itself. The daily string of evasive or half-truthful statements has widened the credibility gap. When a group of Protestant ministers came to Shriver to protest the OEO's activities, Shriver interpreted the visit as an act of support. The ministers strongly disagreed. Shriver still denies that the White House was involved in the Mississippi controversy, but there is good evidence to the contrary.

Everyone wants to deny a role in the CDGM business. Senator Stennis says he is innocent. The NAACP claims the same thing. But last week, CDGM chairmen in the counties received letters over the signatures of NAACP leaders Aaron Henry and Charles Evers asking them to transfer their schools to MAP. The return address on the letters was the same as the NAACP headquarters in Jackson.

Don't Come Unto Me

Sam Jerry Oni, a 25-year-old Nigerian who has spent most of his life in Ghana, was the first Negro to attend Mercer University in Georgia after it was desegregated in 1963. Now a number of Negroes, mostly from the

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Macon area, are enrolled there. The Tattnall Square Baptist Church is located on the campus, and although the university no longer has any direct control over the church, a large number of students and faculty are members of the congregation. Twice in recent weeks, Sam Jerry Oni, converted to the Baptist faith some years ago by American missionaries, was turned away from Sunday services by the deacons.

On the first Sunday he tried to enter, the congregation voted to fire its minister and his two assistants for having advocated that all persons, regardless of color, be admitted to worship. The firing of clergy is not rare in the South, but the wholesale sacking of three men, publicly and despite outside protests, is unusual even for segregationist middle Georgia. The congregation, stymied by a small moderate element, had put off final action for a month, then voted 259-189 to dismiss the Rev. Thomas J. Holmes, assistant pastor Douglas Johnson, and minister of music Jack W. Jones. They had offended not only by permitting two young Negroes to worship at the church on one Sunday last June, but said they would not stop other Negroes from doing the same. The president of Mercer University, Dr. Rufus Harris, calls the firing "not only an act of savagery, but also a denial of the relevancy of Jesus Christ as the Saviour in 20th century life."

This summer, while Sam Jerry Oni was studying in California, he read of preliminary moves to oust Holmes and his two assistants. Holmes had been the first man at Mercer to befriend him, and Oni decided to do what he could to help. So on the first Sunday of this fall quarter, he tried to repeat what two other Negroes had accomplished less than three months earlier. He was met in the foyer of the church by a group of deacons who refused to admit him. "We argued for half an hour," says Oni. "I told them that I was not just a Negro, but an African coming to them from one of their own missions." They replied that they could take no action contrary to the will of the congregation; anyway, they said, Oni was a member of another Macon church and should go there. The deacons hustled him outside and delivered him to the police, who released him when no charges were brought. The following week, he returned and was again turned away.

Consensus on Birth Control

For the fourth time in two years, Pope Paul VI has postponed his long-awaited "decisive word" on birth control. The problem has been in the Pope's hands since June of 1964, when he took it away from the bishops of the Second Vatican Council and appointed an advisory commission, responsible to him alone. The bishops went along, saying nothing positive about the merits of birth control, but pointedly rejecting all the theological constructs that undergird the Church's current ban.

Since then, it has become clear that the minority who traditionally, and gradually, favored "responsible parenthood" has blossomed into a large majority. Nowadays, if a Catholic theologian does not endorse birth control, at least in private conversation, his credentials are apt to be considered suspect. The flood of scholarly writing in favor of birth control has slowed to a trickle: the authors consider the problem solved and have moved on to more pressing matters. "It is no longer a theological problem," said one, "but simply a diplomatic problem for the Pope." The one arguable citation in Scripture, the punishment of Onan, is now considered irrelevant to birth control and Christian marriage teaching. A new generation of Catholic scholars (particularly Notre Dame's John Noonan, whose monumental book, *Contraception*, has swung great weight in Rome) has shown that the "long uninterrupted tradition" of Catholic teaching on marriage has been a series of adaptations, most of them belated. The testimony from the laity has also been impressive. In addition to the books and essays, which are perhaps 9 to 1 in favor of change, there are the polls which show Catholics using contraceptives in about the same proportion as non-Catholics. And of the 60 people on the Pope's birth control commission, which was set up to reflect every shade of opinion in the Church, only about seven members are now adamantly opposed to change.

The new consensus draws added power from a growing notion of authority: popes and bishops give authoritative articulation to the Catholic tradition, but they do not create it; rather they become aware of, and therefore ratify, a consensus that arises from the consciences of individual Catholics. "Once you understand that," an Irish priest told me recently, "you understand that the Catholic Church has already changed its position on birth control; the Pope just hasn't been able to bring himself to endorse it yet."

Many view the Pope's postponements as fresh evidence that decisiveness is not part of his character. Others believe that he is shrewdly giving the new consensus more time to consolidate and grow, and will recognize it when he considers it strong enough to rule out any danger of schism or mass defection from the Church. Meanwhile, the progressives push on. The Rev. Gregory Baum, O.S.A., of Toronto, perhaps the most influential Catholic theologian in North America, has written that whatever the Pope decides, his norms will not be definitively binding on Catholics under all circumstances, but simply "an indispensable and precious guide for the Christian conscience."

John Leo

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Cheap Life Insurance

A person can go mad trying to choose among the different companies selling life insurance. While the business is by nature complex, and made additionally so because of the agent's intricate sales pitch, you can begin to get a rough idea of how inexpensive insurance could be by looking at the State Life Fund, a bare-bones company operated by the Wisconsin Insurance Department. It was set up in 1911 following the big insurance scandals and amidst the Progressive fervor. Today, the Fund sells insurance at close to half the price of the commercial companies.

You can buy insurance from the Fund if you meet the physical requirements. You don't have to be a resident of Wisconsin, but just in the state long enough to complete the transaction. Because it neither advertises nor uses agents, the Fund doesn't do much business, accounting for less than one percent of all life insurance sold in the state.

Making true cost comparisons between life insurance companies is taxing to the mind, and even the experts disagree on the right way to do it; but you can appreciate the advantages of buying from the Fund by the following examples: A $10,000 whole life policy issued by the Fund to a 30-year-old man in good health would run $217.40, less a first-year dividend of $100.90 for a net cost of $116.50. Dividends get higher as time goes on. The same kind of policy issued by commercial companies would typically range from about $160 a year for a policy bought from a stock company (it doesn't pay dividends), to $180 for a dividend-paying mutual company. To pick one example, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. offers a whole life policy beginning at age 30 for an annual premium of $211.20. Dividends begin in the second year at $17.

Term insurance, which generally has no cash value and can't be used as collateral against loans, is considerably cheaper than whole life. For $10,000 of term coverage beginning at age 30 and running to 65, the State Life Fund charges $161.50 a year, less a first-year dividend of $102.20, for a net of $59.30. A similar policy by a commercial company could run $120.

This is life insurance without frills, offering only a few standard types and with a limit per holder of $10,000. The Fund's office consists of some desks and filing cabinets in a corner of the Insurance Department in a state office building at Madison. The staff consists of three full-time workers. Factual information about the policies is reproduced cheaply and is either available at the receptionist's desk or by writing for it.

The Fund pays its own way, reimbursing state government for the floor space it occupies, for the time of the state employees utilized, and for the services of the state investment board which handles its investments. Critics sometimes argue the Life Fund is getting a free ride because it is so closely associated with the state government. But the state does not guarantee the Fund.

The Fund does not quite match the big private companies in investment earnings. Its success is the result of low operating costs, a negligible lapse rate and good mortality experience. In recent years the Fund's expenses amounted to only 3.9 percent of premiums written. By contrast Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. had expenses amounting to 16.5 percent of premiums. The Fund's lapse rate was less than one percent; rates of five percent and higher are common in the industry.

It saves money by not hiring agents, who substantially increase insurance costs. An agent usually gets 50 or 55 percent of the first-year premium. He is likely to receive five percent of the premium payments for a period up to nine years. While the agents make themselves out to be professionals on whose judgment you should depend, in fact they are under relentless pressure from the company to sell; many of them work part-time and are poorly trained. It is not uncommon to run into agents who appear to know little more about insurance than the customer.

When the State Life Fund went into business, part of its purpose was to provide inexpensive protection to workingmen, farmers, and other low-income people. But the intended beneficiaries never took to the idea, and after the first six years of operation only 461 policies had been issued. Since then, the organization has been periodically attacked by the insurance agents as the sort of evil associated with the Industrial Workers of the World. Nevertheless, some of them know a good deal when they see it, and buy policies from the Fund. As late as 1959, the Fund sold only 89 policies in 12 months. In the early 1960's the insurance interests sponsored a bill to stamp out the Fund, and as a result of the oratory about "unfair competition," and "socialism," the word got out the state was selling insurance cheap. This unintentional publicity paid off: Fund policies in force doubled between 1959 and 1965 to 6,000 for a total of $30 million in insurance.

Another relatively inexpensive kind of life insurance is offered by mutual savings banks in Massachusetts, New York and Connecticut. It is sold over the counter in the banks and is generally limited to $10,000 coverage per person. Usually one must either live or work in the state to get it. Banks within a single state achieve economies by pooling various administrative functions. There are no agents. In New York the banks do some radio advertising and send out blurbs to their customers.

In New York, a 30-year-old man in good health would pay $167.10 a year for a $10,000 straight life policy. Dividends begin the first year at $13.50 and move higher. Like the Life Fund in Wisconsin, savings

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bank life insurance grew out of the scandals in the early part of the century. This kind of insurance was first made legal in Massachusetts where Louis D. Brandeis led the campaign. He had hoped it would offer cheap insurance to people of little means. But the idea never has caught on. It wasn't until 1938 that Governor Lehman got through the New York legislature an act permitting savings bank life; Connecticut's law followed in 1940. The insurance industry opposes extension of savings banks into the insurance field and helped beat down a bill in New Jersey. As it stands, savings banks are so tightly regulated by law that there is little chance of their offering much serious competition to the insurance companies which, despite the feeble efforts of state insurance commissioners, are to all intents and purposes not regulated and free to do as they please.

The Veterans Administration offers a final interesting example that suggests what might be done in offering inexpensive life insurance coverage. The VA handles a number of inexpensive policies for veterans of different wars, and while in some of them there is an element of government subsidy, in general they pay their own way. National Service Life Insurance, which applied to men in the Second World War, is the largest program. There were 4.8 million policies amounting to $32 billion of insurance outstanding at the end of last year. In this program, a $10,000 policy for a 30-year-old man would run $184.70, less a dividend of $72, for a net cost of $112.70 a year. While the government pays the cost of administering this policy, the expense comes to a little less than $4 per policy annually.

James Ridgeway and David Wiggins

This Time We're Warned

Tampering with Our Genetic Blueprint

At the American Chemical Society meeting in New York this September, the biochemists stole the show. Here were specialists reporting the latest research on the nucleic acid DNA, that highly informed "molecule of heredity"; on enzymes, the precious catalysts needed by DNA, its cooperator RNA, and the other materials that build biological systems, including man; and even on "primordial chemistry," with its evidence and postulates on how life got started in the first place.

A year earlier, the society's incoming president, Dr. Charles C. Price, had said that the laboratory creation of life was now within reach and should be made a national goal. That made some headlines.

It will be long before we can expect complete synthesis of a complex organism. Partial synthesis is something else. We are near the art of chemically substituting parts of an existing organism, of deliberately altering the DNA blueprint for man – in other words, changing his genes. A few years ago, Edward Tatum, Nobel laureate, envisioned how genetic surgery could manipulate a person's defective DNA, of which anybody can see plenty of evidence, from mongolism and cancer through a host of less grotesque abnormalities ranging from the mental to the simply metabolic diseases: "Before you are born, you are prenatal; before you are diabetic you are prediabetic." Tatum offered this choice: "You might inject new DNA. Or you might take some of his cells, make them grow in the laboratory, and expose them to new DNA – then select out the rare cell that is favorably affected and put it back in the patient to grow."

Every year, such suppositions become less suppositional. With increasing ease, for instance, researchers can now use the methods of transformation and transduction to transfer outside genetic material to bacteria. From this they have gone on to higher organisms, to changing the genetic blueprint of one kind of fruit fly by soaking its eggs in a solution of DNA from other fruit flies. Meanwhile, there are other avenues. One is the search for "suppressor compounds" that will interfere with undesirable genetic material. Another is the "shotgun" approach of irradiating it and then looking for favorable mutations. In any case, the goal is manipulation of our genes: biology now pictures them as potent groups of atoms that make up a nucleic acid's complex molecule.

Accordingly, geneticist E. Warner Kloepfer of Tulane says DNA research "can open the door to the mass production of genes, just as the discovery of vitamins and hormones paved the way for large-scale production of those items." This prospect has not been overlooked by pharmaceutical companies. For example, Syntex, a spectacular performer in the stock market, has set up an Institute for Molecular Biology to work on nucleic acids "for a better understanding and control of the physical and mental welfare of humanity"; its scientific adviser is Josiah Lederberg, a Nobel winner who has coined the word "euphenics" for research aimed at changing our genetic blueprint.

But is the gene just another "item"? This gets to the heart of the human conservation question and reminds us how little we know about which gene is which in the DNA thicket and how it works with others.

Take the drug thalidomide. It emphasized the risks of treating the human organism ignorantly. And some researchers are now vindicating the wretched pregnancy-relief pill with evidence that it wasn't the *cause*

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of grotesque offspring. Instead, it may exemplify the long-sought drug to suppress the body's hostility to desirable abnormalities, such as a transplanted kidney. The idea here is that the fetuses were already malformed and would have aborted naturally, but for thalidomide. So, for those who believe "a deformed child is better than no child," thalidomide could be desirable.

Far-fetched! Consider another of the hazards of being a fetus. In Rh cases the mother's antibodies consider the fetus a "foreigner" and attack its blood. And not all cases turn out as luckily as that of the woman who was strictly warned against another pregnancy but "I wanted another baby desperately." Thanks to a bold doctor, the yet unborn child escaped anemia or brain damage. But whose rights are involved – those of a mother? a baby? a fetus? the not-yet-conceived?

Genetic surgery would go far beyond a mere palliative pill. Women can blithely change the color of their wigs, but is the public yet ready for genetic manipulation that will change skin color – or kind of intelligence? The father, eager to sire a professional basketball player, may prescribe the gene or genes for a seven-footer. But suppose the rest of the gene complement, a staggering complex of man's inheritance, makes the son better suited to be a chessplayer?

Natural selection no longer works as it once did; the "unfit" reproduce and the result is "biological decadence of the species." But who is to judge which genes shall be considered "fit"? How ready are we for the surgery that replaces an undesirable section of DNA with a section improved in the lab or from elsewhere? Erwin Chargoff, the Columbia University biochemist, warns: "It is possible that we will put a wrong base into the DNA, which will make the wrong DNA, which will make the wrong protein, which will make wrong everything."

Meanwhile, dramatic announcements continue. It was biochemist Klaus Hofmann, from the University of Pittsburgh, who made the biggest ACS news with his description of what Communist China's peptide specialists have accomplished. They achieved the total synthesis of insulin by skillfully, patiently combining the necessary individual amino acids, and also three disulfide bridges. This correct arrangement of 777 atoms represents the most complex synthesis to date of a biologically active molecule – the long-dreamed synthesis of a protein. True, this was bovine insulin. But Hofmann could confidently predict that synthetic human insulin, already available for clinical tests, will lead to a "commercial item."

Hofmann showed how China's feat resulted from remarkable progress in once-baffling protein chemistry during the past 10 years. And he asked if "the exciting goal of a synthetic enzyme will be realized within the next 10 years." He answered with "an emphatic yes." Protein chemistry is life chemistry, and all known enzymes are proteins, though not all proteins are enzymes – the busily catalytic molecules that obey DNA instructions. Enzymes build not only functional chemicals within the body cells but also the structural proteins – collagen, flesh, skin, muscle, hair, and so on. The concept is that for every kind of gene there is a corresponding kind of enzyme, and for every enzyme the unique chemical job it can do. This covers normal growth, and abnormal too. For the inborn errors called birth defects, the enzyme chemist blames an enzyme condition. For infection, when a virus invades a normal cell, the virus' own genetic blueprint forces the cell's enzyme machinery to produce virus material.

Synthesis of an enzyme will truly be creating a vital component of living systems. Already, "molecular biologists" are building toward substitute DNA: some by using synthetic building blocks to construct subunits of that molecule; some by using a bit of natural DNA for "primer" and a natural enzyme to promote the reaction that produces more DNA.

Classical biology, too, is busily experimenting. Attempts continue to grow the eggs of mammals including humans, in a culture medium, fertilize them, and study the resulting embryos. The test-tube method of developing an already formed human egg fertilized by human sperm has led to an Italian researcher's destroying the embryo after 29 days because "this monstrosity blocked me" – as also did displeasure of the Catholic Church. There is also a more radical approach, based on evidence that although kinds of creatures differ, many of their genes are identical, therefore theoretically interchangeable. Even mice and men share about one-fourth of a DNA molecule's nucleotide sequences. So British scientists have already done mice-and-men experiments – not a hybrid between mouse and man but between cells from a mouse cancer and human cancer.

The major warnings, however, concern direct attempts to change man's own genetic makeup. There are fears by such scientists as R. D. Hotchkiss, that the results will fall into the hands of those representing "private profit and ignorance." Results could also produce prescriptions that racists and nationalists will write for a "better class" of humans. Geneticist Herman Muller says that when such techniques become possible their "early misuse somewhere on this planet is likely." Sweden's Arne Tiselius, whose electrophoresis method of analyzing complex mixtures helped make today's sophisticated biology possible, joins others in proposing an international code for researchers – because today's science can lead to "tampering with life and will mean an even greater responsibility than we now have with atomic energy."

WILLIAM GILMAN

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Gamesmanship in the Supermarkets

by David Sanford

"It is one of the ironies of these confused times," began an incredulous *Washington Post* editorial a few days ago, "that housewives are protesting against inflation by picketing and boycotting the chain supermarkets." What have the grocers done to make the housewives so angry? The answer the newspaper supplied was that the stores have done nothing to deserve what they've been getting from boycotters all over the country. Chains haven't been gouging the customers; their profits last year were a mere 1.3 percent of sales. And as profits generally have declined over the past 15 years, consumers have benefited from more services, more and bigger supermarkets, more convenience foods, more reasonable prices, more of everything. "If there is any fault to be found with supermarket operations," said the newspaper which last year ran 4,004,090 lines of food advertising, "it is the concentration on trading stamps, games and other costly promotional gimmicks."

The Bureau of Labor Statistics says food prices have risen 5.2 percent in the last 12 months. The consumer price index, which reflects fluctuations in food prices, is going up at the rate of 3.5 percent a year – twice last year's rate. Prices of bread and milk, reports the Federal Trade Commission, are up more than seven percent from last January. In Denver, where the boycotts broke out last month, bread costs 25.6 percent more than it did last year.

Supermarkets are the largest merchandising industry in the country, and the industry is not about to go under. Chain-store profits based on sales are small, much less than the irate housewives get on their savings at the bank, but based on capital investment, supermarket profits are much higher – 12.5 percent on the average. A&P has 4,625 stores; it is the second largest merchandiser in the US. Only Sears, Roebuck is larger. Safeway ranks third. Safeway's profits for its 2,080 stores last year amounted to 13.9 percent of capital investment. Standard Oil of New Jersey, by comparison, made only 11.9 percent. A&P's profits were 8.8 percent, higher than those of US Steel (7.6 percent).

The National Commission on Food Marketing's study of the retailing end of the food business, published in June, found that chain store profits were higher than those of other distribution industries for the period 1946-1962 (except for two years during the Korean War). At no point between 1945 and 1965 did the return on investment for food chains dip below the average for all industries.

Profits for supermarkets based on sales may be modest, but when the Grand Union Store in New York posted a sign in its front window saying "Grand Union Earns Less than 1½ Pennies on Each Dollar of Sales . . . Not Much Is It?", it was not telling the whole story. It was not explaining how chain stores in Denver found it possible to slash food prices 10 to 15 percent under boycott pressure. It was not explaining how chains, despite their meager 1.3 percent profit can afford to spend two to three percent of sales income on S&H and Top Value and King Korn and Plaid Stamps and the variety of games of chance they offer as a come-on to customers. According to the National Food Commission, chains spend more on stamps, advertising and fun and games than they do on any other single item except employee salaries – more than for utilities, more than for store supplies, equipment depreciation and rental, interest, administration, and maintenance. They give more to the stamp companies than they keep for themselves in profits.

Esther Peterson, an assistant secretary of labor and Special Assistant to the President for Consumer Affairs, interrupted a campaign trip for Senator Paul Douglas to spend three hours in Denver last month talking to housewives and finding out as much as one can in three hours about the supermarket boycott. The same day she announced that she was asking the Federal Trade Commission to investigate the games and promotions which are rife in supermarkets in every state (except New Jersey and Wisconsin, where they are outlawed). Mrs. Peterson wanted to know how much games cost the consumer; how many winners there are; and if games are rigged. The FTC, which has been nosing around the trading stamp business and just finished looking into rising bread and milk prices for Agriculture Secretary Freeman, quickly agreed that the games need study.

Anyone who browses around grocery stores is familiar with the gamesmanship that is going on (Bonus Bingo, Win at the Races, Play Happy Landing, Every Card's a Winner, Three of a Kind, Color Bingo, Harness Racing Sweepstakes, Fashion Game, Win-A-Check, Heads You Win and Tails You Win, Shower of Diamonds, and on and on). It is known, even without

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an FTC investigation, that the games are expensive.

Supermarket games come and go in two-year cycles. This year we're in the downswing. An estimated 200 firms churn out the imaginative money-makers, but about six companies have most of the game trade to themselves. Suppliers sell a game and its attendant paraphernalia to a store and control the number of winners (you can't have too many of the thousand dollar kind). The games run for a few weeks and if they prove popular, that is, if they raise profits, they are continued or replaced with new, fresher games. Safeway's Bonus Bingo, for example, runs 13 weeks. (Customers receive a bingo book when they come into the store; each time they return they get a slip of paper with a number-letter combination corresponding to one of the squares on the bingo grids.) If Bonus Bingo is successful in a region, then another 13 weeks of the games are bought from the supplier, the W. J. Jeffery Company of New York. John McDonald, public relations manager for Safeway Stores, Inc., says that 60 percent of his chain's stores have been playing bingo – some since last January. In the first nine months of 1966 sales rose 14 percent, earnings 35 percent.

Stamps have become less popular because now that many stores offer them they don't pump up volume as they did. And if volume doesn't increase significantly, the stamps are a drag on profits as well as an expense to shoppers. According to the Food Commission, "there is a general belief among store executives . . . that trading stamps have been a principal cause" of higher costs and lower profits during the last ten years. And the cost has been passed on to the consumer. *Progressive Grocer*, a trade publication, is quoted by the Food Commission: "In most stores the cost of stamps (two to three percent of sales) has been added to retail prices."

Prizes and Profits

The candor of the trade press makes it a good source of information about what motivates stores to choose certain sales promotions. "The third quarter in the retail food business is usually a low-volume one," revealed Andy Parker of Wilt's Food Centers, Elkhart, Indiana, in one journal, "and I have seen sales drop as much as 20 percent during this period." To avert the slump last year his store introduced a game called "WOW" which lifted third-quarter sales for 1965 by 25 percent. The explanation Mr. Parker gave his customers in newspaper ads the store ran was slightly different: "Our first half of 1965 was by far the most successful and rewarding in many years, and we want to share our success with you. . . ."

The magazine *Chain Store Age* in September ran an interesting article on the big game business (subtitled, "More chains than ever are using the 'something for nothing' lure to cut a larger slice from the '66 sales pie.") The magazine quotes Robert Magowan, president of Safeway, as saying that with the added volume from Bonus Bingo "we can't help but show a big profit this year." The chains are "playing more games than ever before," says the magazine "and making more money." *More money than ever before?*

Esther Peterson has recommended certain things which housewives can do to hold down their food bills, such as sticking to a shopping list and not picking up unneeded items on impulse. Congress had a chance this year to aid shoppers to make wise decisions and keep from being fooled by deceptive package weights and sizes. But although industry lobbyists managed to convince Senator Philip Hart (D, Mich.), the sponsor of the truth-in-packaging bill, that they had let him have a strong bill, the legislation Congress finally passed is not much help to shoppers. Under the bill the federal government can ask packagers to work out voluntary standard weights and measures. But if they don't comply, the Secretary of Commerce has to go back to Congress for authority to require standards. This is something Congress should have enacted this year. Hart said he thought "we'll get more done this way in two years than we would in ten" under the mandatory Senate bill that was rejected. That gave the lobbyists quite a laugh. "As far as the food business is concerned," said Harry F. Schroeder, vice president for packaging of the National Biscuit Company to the *New York Times*, "I think they have met practically all our objections."

The food industry has learned how to indulge its critics. The largely successful Denver boycott seems to have been a spontaneous "middle-class insurgency" of a kind no one remembers happening before. It was not politically inspired (despite Barry Goldwater's suggestion that the boycotts were run by Lyndon Johnson Leftists trying to divert attention from government spending by making scapegoats of the businessmen). In other places where boycotts have been organized, notably Washington, D.C., they have centered around the complaints of residents of core city ghettos who, according to the Food Commission report and the shoppers themselves, often have to pay more than suburbanites do and for lower quality food. The first meeting held to form the Washington Area Shoppers for Lower Prices was an unusual mix of ghetto residents and ladies from the upper middle-class Maryland suburbs of Bethesda and Chevy Chase, many of whom had never before been allied in activist organizations with their ghetto counterparts. The Washington boycotters organized buying clubs, with technical advice from the United Planning Organization (Washington's poverty war), to purchase food at wholesale prices. Both

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Washington and Denver have two of the highest rates of chain-store concentration in the country. Four chains in Denver account for more than 70 percent of food sales; in Washington the top four stores do 67 percent of the business. Where there is such monopoly control, a few chains have the power to raise (or cut) prices. Peter Barash, staff chief of Rep. Benjamin Rosenthal's special inquiry on consumer representation in the federal government, was told by store executives in Denver that by tightening up on some of their administrative costs, by eliminating games, stamps, carry-out and other non-essential services, and by being more hard-nosed about cashing checks, they could cut prices 10 to 15 percent. Some officials, he said, were optimistic that increased volume made possible by lower prices might make up losses from price cuts. Stores which caved in to the housewives in Denver are attracting more customers, and individual customers are buying more items than before the boycotts.

For the first time, Mr. Barash believes, a genuine consumer constituency is forming – groups of people who study prices and are no longer willing to pay automatically whatever is asked. "A loud, organized, grass-roots consumer voice is being heard," he said, "and no one – in industry or government – can ignore it." Barash thinks this constituency will now begin to question and refuse to pay high prices for clothing, furniture, and other goods.

Jim Crow and 14-B

by Harry Golden

Section 14b of course, is that part of the Taft-Hartley Act which confers on the several states the right to pass restrictive legislation concerning labor unions. Furthermore, 14b says where individual state law is more restrictive than federal law, the state law prevails. Which makes 14b indeed unique. It is the only law in the federal corpus which says that federal law takes a back seat to state law. Just what the manufacturers would say if 14b insisted that where state legislation concerning unions is more lenient than the Taft-Hartley law it shall prevail, needs no elaboration.

14b gave the owners and managers of the textile mills and their allied industries, who employ half of the 1,600,000 southern industrial workers, the quick chance to change their approach to the increasing efforts of the unions to organize the plants.

The industrialists were among the first to realize that the caste system of racial segregation was on its way out. The white mill worker had always felt the Negro stood between him and social oblivion. The employer, and indeed the whole southern establishment never had any such fear. But the establishment knew it would soon lose the force of the implied threat to the workingman if he joined a union: "You'll have a 'nigger' working beside you." Thus the industrialists worried that the workingman, in losing white supremacy, might seek to recoup self-esteem by joining a union.

The employers knew too that with modern television and radio communication, with the reporters from the national press roaming the region, the old hose-'em-down beat-'em-up technique would have to go overboard. So, each of the large mills installed a highly competent public relations apparatus including well-known clergymen and lawyers whose work and practice was now devoted exclusively to "labor relations." Thus the employers made the quick change-over from the effort (through the state legislature) to somehow maintain the caste system where federal law was against them, to the effort to maintain the anti-union 14b, where the federal law was on their side.

Today when organizers of the Textile Workers Union, AFL-CIO, appear in a mill area, this whole managerial complex moves into position. There are speeches at civic clubs, newspaper editorials, and word-of-mouth propaganda, which filters down to the men at the looms and in the carding rooms. The law forbids the mill managers from any attempt at coercion; but in recent years the owners have employed wives of the supervisors who speak at meetings and visit the homes of key employees who can exert influence on those intending to sign the union petition.

Yet despite these sometimes insurmountable obstacles the textile union is winning a substantial proportion of elections. The employers had guessed correctly; they were prepared for the worker who would say: "I am a doffer in the mill and I get $1.72 an hour; the doffer in a mill in Massachusetts gets $2.35 an hour; I was willing to work for $1.72 an hour because

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I could say, 'nigger get in the back,' that was worth 63c an hour to me, but now I can't say that, he's sitting right in the middle of the bus, so give me the 63c an hour you owe me."

Since 1963 the unions have won 54 elections in the Carolinas alone, losing 23. But winning a union election today is only a beginning – often a meaningless beginning. Because the Taft-Hartley Act, even without 14b, is a most ingenious law. It is a lawyer's law and undoubtedly the most costly bill to litigate in the United States. *Less than one-third of all the union "victories" by ballot result in a continuing union relationship.* For one example: the union won the election at the Diamond Hosiery Mills in North Carolina in July, 1964. The union has not yet been certified at this writing in November, 1966. In one of the J. P. Stevens plants the National Labor Relations Board ordered an election in February, 1963, but again, at this writing, the workers have not yet voted.

After the union has won its "victory," the mill automatically challenges the election. The NLRB holds a hearing a few months later. After an NLRB referee says the voting had been regular, the mill appeals his ruling with a motion to reconsider, followed by a motion requesting a hearing before the full NLRB.

The industrialists produce then the complaint of coercion, a standard procedure of the mill lawyers. Later the company claims that upon a new examination of the ballots, three or four votes had been cast by men carried on the books as "supervisory" personnel, therefore entitled to no vote. A year-and-a-half later, these motions denied, there is another hearing to consider the motion for a new election. But by this time most of the key union supporters have been fired. One by one the supervisors and the foremen lay them off, discreetly, judiciously, but no less cruelly. So thoroughly do the lawyers and the public relations personnel do their work that they have carefully outlined the exact procedure of when to discharge, and whom, and what to say for cause.

Only occasionally are they careless. The Lexington Chair Company of North Carolina had to pay some $10,000 in back pay to employees who proved they had been discharged for union activity. The superintendent had given the workers permission to smoke and then fired the union organizers among them for smoking. But most of the manufacturing plants employ less crude methods, methods which stick.

Finally, if everything fails and a new election does indeed confirm the union, the plant merges with another or sometimes closes up altogether. In the case of Roger Millikin and his Darlington Manufacturing Company at Darlington, S.C., the workers were warned, "A union victory would mean a closed-up plant." A majority of those who had signed for the union sent a petition that they would now vote against the union. But Mr. Millikin closed the mill anyway. He told his stockholders that at least 17 percent of the workers did not sign the petition against the union and that he would not run the plant with that "hard core."

When the National Labor Relations Board found against the company, and ordered six years back-pay to the workers for an illegal maneuver to defeat the union, Mr Millikin appealed to the courts. The NLRB and the union lost in the United States Court of Appeals for the Fourth Circuit by a vote of three to two. Dissenting from the majority were Judge Simon E. Sobeloff and Judge J. Spencer Bell. In his opinion upholding the NLRB and the union, Judge Bell said:

"In my opinion the question presented to this court is whether an employer commits an unfair labor practice when he closes down a part of his business in order to discourage the practice and procedure of collective bargaining and to retaliate against his employees for exercising their freedom of self-organization under the National Labor Relations Act." Judge Bell concluded that such conduct did indeed violate the basic policies embodied in the Act. William Buckley, Jr. of the *National Review* hailed the majority decision with: "If mill owners lose, socialism wins."

Keeping Wages Down

But who wins? North Carolina is the 12th largest industrial state. South Carolina is 14th. Surprisingly, each is more industrialized than either New York or California. But North Carolina is 50th in per-capita earnings and the Tar Heel economy loses a little over one billion dollars, based on northern wages for the same factory operation and for the same number of hours. South Carolina is 46th in per-capita earnings, but only because of the vast atomic installations which help bring up the average. Georgia, Arkansas and Mississippi are 47th, 48th and 49th, all "right-to-work" states. Virginia and West Virginia are good studies. These two adjoining states have the same amount of industry. West Virginia pays an average of $2.74 an hour; Virginia, $2.11; and the difference is 14b of the Taft Hartley Act.

In addition to this vast legal enterprise of 14b, the unions are also up against a residue of the paternalism of the old south: the boss-man who walks through the factory and makes every mill worker a plantation owner, retroactively. Mr. Charles A. Cannon, who makes America's towels, sheets, and pillow-cases, is so much the master of this technique that he hasn't

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paid a single dollar in legal fees to fight a union election. Mr. Cannon rules over Kannapolis, N.C., population 35,000, which makes it the largest unincorporated city in the world. I remember the campaign for senator between Frank P. Graham and the late Senator Willis Smith. The Graham managers sent some boys into Mr. Cannon's feudal domain, to distribute Graham circulars outside the Cannon mills. The boys were arrested for "vagrancy." A few grown men were sent a day later and they were arrested for "littering the streets." Finally a plane above Kannapolis distributed circulars for liberal Graham's candidacy, and that's where Mr. Cannon was finally caught off guard. The barony had not prepared itself with anti-aircraft batteries.

Encouraging Industrial "Growth"

Paradoxically the "right-to-work" syndrome has helped the peaceful integration of some of the southern schools. Two governors of South Carolina had forecast blood-in-the-streets before a Negro would ever be admitted to an all-white college in their state. But the admission of a Negro to its most prestigious school of all, Clemson, was carried off without objection.

It was carried off because each of the "right-to-work" states has a Bring-New-Industry Committee, backed by a generous budget. The committee has offices in New York where it entertains manufacturers from New England, New York, and the mid-Atlantic states. To secure new payrolls the committee offers many concessions; no state taxes for five years, free water, a new parking lot, occasionally a wiring system installed to specifications, and often free rent for the first five years. In some instances these concessions have been financed by a bond issue sold within the community, to get the new payroll.

The New Industry Committee of South Carolina had appointments with manufacturers from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Connecticut, when the court ordered Harvey Gantt's admission to Clemson. The committee members sent word to the South Carolina governor, "Let him in." The prospect of newspapers headlining stories of federal marshals, and of broken windows and possibly wrecked autos would scare away new industry prospects. And that's the way it happened. God uses all sorts of people to do His work.

Once the new payroll is established in the community, there's a ribbon-cutting affair and speeches boasting of industrial "growth." But can we call this "growth"? What has actually happened is that 250 employees in Pennsylvania earning $2.74 have been fired, and down south, 250 workers have replaced them at $1.70 an hour.

The New Industry Committee never mentions unions. What they usually say is, "We have a large pool of willing 'learners'." "Learners" is the key word, referring to a system protected by federal law. The south is full of "learners," white and Negro females principally. What was the largest agricultural section in America only 25 years ago, is being rapidly industrialized. The one-family farm is disappearing. The women and young girls pour into the industrial areas looking for work, and many of them become "learners" in the sewing shops. These plants hire 50 learners on the current minimum-wage scale. After 90 days, they fire two-thirds of them, sometimes even more, and hire a new contingent of "learners," saving at least 40c an hour on the established minimum wage. The learners are eliminated on the ground that they have not yet "mastered" the operation. Here, too, filing a complaint and seeing it through in an attempt to achieve equity is a long and costly proposition. The "learners" do not have a union behind them to absorb any part of this cost. Only strong unions in the south would ever be able to eliminate the abuse of the "learners." But with 14b it is impossible to achieve strong unions.

Except for one or two Roman Catholic priests, the clergy has had no part in fighting these evils. Indeed the important Protestant fellowships have been a bulwark against organized labor. Some Protestant clergymen in small mill towns have told me privately that they are even careful about using such words in their sermons as "wages" or "hours" because it reminds everyone of collective bargaining. And it is hardly a coincidence that it was a southern clergyman who coined the term "togetherness" – in order to avoid saying, "In union there is strength," a phrase which would jeopardize his job.

Nor are the unions blameless in their plight. In Virginia some of the unions assessed their members a dollar a month – to fight integration. In South Carolina, a familiar speaker in the union halls has been Ellison Smith, son of old Cotton Ed. Ellison's speech is usually an angry tirade against the federal government taking away white supremacy from the working people. As late as 1964, I saw Negro members of a union in the building trades sitting up in the balcony segregated from their white fellow union members. The question we must ask ourselves is, what have the unions been doing for the past 15 years? Apparently there hasn't even been an attempt to educate their members and their potential members. That the unions have not conducted seminars in race relations is as great a tragedy as their failure to eliminate the crippling Section 14b.

Amazingly, the industrialists got the point and left the unions far behind. Even at this late date the unions still do not realize what employers were quick to grasp – Jim Crow and 14b are one and the same struggle.

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Two Minds about Carmichael

by Robert Coles

In a recent issue of *New South*, a quarterly published by the Southern Regional Council, space was given to a "dialogue" between Stokely Carmichael of SNCC and Randolph Blackwell of Dr. Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference. The contrast between the words of the two speakers, both Negro, was striking – enough so to prove once again that membership in the civil rights "movement," like skin color itself, tells only so much about a person. Throughout, Mr. Blackwell was on guard for the irrational, sensitive to the ironies and almost boring repetitions that history forces upon mankind, unwilling to deny the value of a broad number of interpretations for any issue; in sum, thoughtful.

For example, when the subject of "black power" came up, as it did immediately, Mr. Blackwell was able to summon a retrospective view: Frederick Douglass and certainly Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois long ago were talking about black power, or something very much like it. We have to be specific. We have to "clear the air precisely as to what we are saying." He then goes on to do so, in the most enlightened and reasonable way, by putting not only the issue of "black power" but the entire civil rights struggle in the following perspective: "Twentieth Century civilization is infinitely more complicated than just the race problem and because of that we have to be concerned with advancing technology . . . with expanding population . . . with a number of social forces that we feel are . . . compelling decisions that cannot be answered surely by viewing our concern as just one of the position of the Negro people."

A little further on Mr. Blackwell again demonstrates how reluctant he is to dwell on race alone, or to place the struggle that he himself is fighting in any but the very broadest of contexts. The populism of the last century will be revived, he hopes. The populists of 1890 transcended race, he asserts; they saw the needs of all people – for land, for work, for decent wages. So did the labor movement in the 30's, when it insisted upon "the fact that poor people, regardless of race or color, have basically the same needs and motivations." For Mr. Blackwell, it was the Second World War that stopped everything, or at least stopped the development of a genuine populist movement that would change the life of the poor for the better. Although he did not spell it out in this particular instance, he presumably intended to say that in spite of the enormous increase in our national wealth and in the size of the American middle class since 1941, millions have stood by with little to show for themselves but the increases in the size of their welfare checks. Such people – farm workers, the people of Appalachia, the urban poor – have no organized means of redressing their grievances. The labor movement is largely part of the middle class, and the distinct minority of poor people in this country has no significant political power of its own. For Dr. King, and his aide Mr. Blackwell, and presumably for the other leaders of established civil rights organizations that is the problem, and increasingly it is the one big problem they face not only as Negroes, but as members of a relatively stable if inequitable society. The vote and access to restaurants does little for most Negroes, and not only SNCC but all civil rights organizations realize that. Proposals for huge federal programs (up to $100 billion) are made repeatedly by men who have easy access to the White House. If Mr. Carmichael only insisted that his people get much more money (and the power that goes with that money) it is hard to see how he would differ from Mr. Blackwell, Roy Wilkins and Whitney Young.

Stokely Carmichael's responses to Mr. Blackwell show that what separates him from them and their respective supporters is a matter of substance as well as emphasis or mood. In one sentence he demolishes any conceivable coalition in present-day American politics: "I've worked on the assumption that this country from top to bottom, from right to left, is racist," and has been from the start. Populism was doomed because black men had no one and nothing reliable of their own to fall back upon. Populism tended to "absorb" the Negro, as indeed do its contemporary successors; but they never can manage to do the job because racism is everywhere, in everyone's mind, a psychological inheritance that curses this nation as a result of the slavery it codified into law and justified through an astonishing and instructive variety of religious and intellectual rationalizations.

It is an interesting pair of horses that Mr. Carmichael rides. Like other Negro leaders he wants an

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end to the hungry bellies and idle hours that plague his people, and like them he emphasizes the economic struggle that still faces the Negro, in contrast, say, to a legal and social struggle for minimal citizenship. Yet, he is no economic determinist, despite what many observers (and more enemies) of SNCC say. With all the names SNCC has been called these days it is interesting to note what much of the public refuses to grasp about Stokely Carmichael's message and state of mind, for the two are quite inseparable. In a curious way he is far less a hard-line "materialist" than his critics, the "moderates." If I read Stokely Carmichael correctly – at least in this exchange with Mr. Blackwell – he believes the Negro is up against a wall that dollars will not bring down. Yes, the Negro needs money and power, but this country will not give him much of either – no matter how hard he tries to get them – because he is Negro. What the Negro needs to do, then, is withdraw, pull himself together independently, and after that is done exert his new presence as the new form of power it will in fact turn out to be.

The more he talks about white people, the civil rights movement and the Negro's position in American society, the more Stokely Carmichael emerges as a would-be leader of an immigrant group that is, finally, here – even if its more recent point of departure is our own (plantation) soil. His premises, his assumptions about the nature of the Negro's position in American society differ markedly from those of his liberal critics of whatever color. He insists that a new ball game is at least starting for the Negro, while their reply is that the same old game is going on – only it is in the last and hardest inning. For SNCC (as it is now constituted) all its own work of the past years was not really in vain; it was simply and literally a means of deliverance, of bringing hitherto exiled Negroes into the initial confrontation with American society. The rest of this nation's minorities had this confrontation, I suppose, at places like Ellis Island – where, it has to be admitted, they received right off guarantees the Negro always lacked and has only recently been able to claim with some assurance of success. Two years ago I heard it put this way by a Negro man who had voted for the first time in his life: "I feel like I just came here from across the ocean, and today is my second day in America, because yesterday was the first, when I walked in there and voted. So now maybe that we can vote, we'll get somewhere, like everybody else has."

Out of Exile

Today we forget the past (or even present) clannishness of this country's various "nationalities." They came scattered and forlorn, foreigners from different nations, cities, towns or villages, united only by the misery they wanted to escape and the promise our shores offered. They settled near but not among those already here. They drew together, crowded into sections, neighborhoods, whatever; and they lived in fear, suspicion and defensive withdrawal. Eventually they no longer felt it necessary to turn all the hurt and scorn they experienced upon themselves. Meek, self-effacing, obliging people fought the shame they had grown to believe their due, and shocked the sensibilities of the "older" groups (particularly, I would imagine, the more sensitive and kindly members of those groups) by appearing newly assertive and demanding – utterly ungrateful for small favors. Instead of feeling hopelessly marked by their origins, they proclaimed them in pride and defiance – and used them with a vengeance in politics.

If that is all very familiar when we talk about the past, it still seems hard for us to have any perspective on what in the present may be quite similar: the migration of Negroes from national exile (including its more patronized and subsidized forms) to a condition of aroused, insistent *presence*. Here is what the grandmother of a child I know in Boston has to say about the change she has both seen and experienced in her sixty years: "If you want to know the difference, I'll tell you how it is. Before, we were in the closet, and under the rug, and you know the white people in this country, they have big homes, so they have a lot of closets to hide us, and rugs all over the place. (I know, because I've worked in about two dozen of those homes myself, if I recall right.) Then just a few years back we started getting out of the closet, because we pushed hard, and besides, the white men, they're fighting between themselves, and so they had to let go of their greedy grip on us. So out we've been coming, and the more we see the more we know we've been robbed all our lives, and before that. So we say, look white man: you have to give us our share, or if you don't we're going to make you tear your hair and bite your nails, and you'll turn whiter than you are – so pale you'll faint – because we want our own legs to stand on, and not your canes, and your crutches, and your left-over shoes, and your pieces of gum and maybe a corner in your attic, and an invitation to come have a coke every election day, so you can all feel so good about yourselves.

"The way I see it, they can try shoving us back in the closet, but let them go ahead and see what that'll cost them. Or they can keep telling us we're their equal, and be satisfied with equality, and eat it three times a day, and use it to keep the rats around here from biting our kids and if it gets cold and the landlord says no, there's no heat for you, then go down on our knees and thank the white man for telling us how equal we are, and for saying we can pull the voting

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machines just like him, and get the same crooks he does to boss over him.

"If they're smart, they'll leave us be, out of the closet like everyone else, and they'll give us what's our right, after all they got from us since the country was started. They say we're lazy, but we've been working on their land and taking care of their dirty dishes and cleaning as long as they've been here. They grabbed us and put us to work, and they pushed the Indians all over the place, and shot them up, one tribe after the other, and now they call us lazy and the Indians lazy, and they call us bad and wild because we're stuffed in corners of the closet, and we can barely breathe, and we're trying to force the door open, and want to get out – not to go live with them whites, but to live, period."

"Come and Take a Look at Us"

My job is to observe, to hear and record her voice and see how her granddaughter manages the "strain" of riding 20 minutes from her "neighborhood" school to one across town – where white children eye her with mixed interest, kindness and fear. The grandmother and I have talked about that, too: "I tell her it's O.K. to go to school with whites, but don't get the idea *they're* the reason she's going. It's that they have the better school, and we want them, the same as they. If black and white can like each other, that's one thing, but we shouldn't go begging them to like us, so they can smile back and pat us on the head, and want to hold hands with us and say how we're all brothers. I tell my grandchildren the only way you get real respect in this country is by demanding it, and when you get it, keep it as *yours*, because otherwise all you're doing is helping the white man keep his own respect, by showing off how nice he is to you, and how many pennies he'll give you every now and then. That's the truth; we have to make sure it's our freedom we're after, and not the white man's, or else we'll be like a hobby of his – to come take a look at us and see how we play jazz and eat the fried chicken and all that."

She is no advocate of "black power," no member of a civil rights organization. She is an aging, tired woman, whose hands show how very intimately she has known the homes of white people. As I read Stokely Carmichael's remarks I thought of her. She and Mr. Carmichael and many other Negroes feel cornered. The country basks in wealth, even amid an exhausting war fought halfway around the earth; black people live on, by the millions "permanently poor." There is talk about this or that kind of coalition to change things, to secure a little something for powerless, voiceless black people, but instead the pressures of bulging Negro ghettoes upon hard-pressed and fearful white neighborhoods produce a wave of panic, and a quick congressional response that enfeebles the few existing laws and kills the chance of any new ones – even pitifully modest ones – being enacted. A Negro youth in the south once put it this way to me: "The white man gets dust in his eye, and everyone rushes to take notice; the Negro screams because he's dying, and they don't even hear, or they come to finish the job, or if they say they're friends, they stoop down to put a wash cloth on his head, when he needs blood."

Cornered people become excited and find trouble maintaining a "long view" of history. Their language I have found to be strikingly aphoristic, right to the point and without the circumlocutions the rest of us learn in order to keep within the bounds of "reality" whatever stirrings of conscience we have. The words lance my middle-class, even-handed mind – and in response I try to sort out the terrible, unsettling mixture of truth, anger and despair they mean to convey. I want to say no to Mr. Carmichael; it is unfair to go away, to be apart from the "mainstream," to shout so loud and mercilessly when in fact things are getting better than anyone dared dream even a few years ago. I think of all the books, all the graphs and charts that would prove conclusively – to anyone, I am certain – how much is being done, how far a reasonable and basically decent society can go to right its wrongs. Instead, from what I judge to be an increasing number of Negroes, I hear bitter or sad or indifferent refusals. "What is there to say? There's only our feelings we have, and the white man, he's letting us know his limit. He's back-lashing us, and we're feeling it, baby. The skin is raw from all the other times, so we're feeling it good, because you can be sure the skin is raw." I didn't hear that at a meeting or rally of any kind. A white teacher showed me a short composition written by a youth whose "adjustment" I've been following. No doubt about it: he's doing it – making his adjustment.

One afternoon as I was leaving his home I heard on his sister's radio a song of Irving Berlin's from *Mr. President*, "Empty Pockets Filled with Love." Driving away, my car radio picked up the song as it came to an end. I pictured the boy I had just seen a few years from now, older, his skin still raw. If he then were to join a riot – and who knows how long this country will live in nervous fear of them – someone like me might try to tell him to "cool it," tell him how much the liberal people of this country like him and want to do for him. For all I know, in some part of his mind at that moment the memory of a song might yet persist – "Empty Pockets Filled with Love." All the pieties in the world would not then placate him, because it is work and money that his family needs now and will continue to need.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN *Childe Harold*

To write about Harold Nicolson is, in figure, to write about England – at least, the England that Americans believe in. Consider: the son of an ambassador, born in Persia and well-traveled before he went to school, educated at Wellington and Oxford, tetralingual, passed into the Foreign Service at 23, married to the daughter of a baron, a Member of Parliament and a confidant of the great, a celebrity of urbane BBC broadcasting, an executor of a discreet romantic mission for the then Mrs. Wallis Simpson, a prolific and polished author whose wife (V. Sackville-West) was a popular genteel novelist, a country-lover who, with his wife, bought and restored a dilapidated Tudor castle and transformed its rubbishy grounds into one of the famous gardens of its time, a man who was knighted (1953) yet who never considered himself truly successful. He even has the pukka sahib's slight distaste for colored peoples, Jews, and Americans. Why, it is the Yankee dream of English heaven.

It needed only a diary, candid and deft and modest, to complete the picture, and here it comes.* This is the first volume, running from 1930 to 1939, extraordinarily well edited by his younger son Nigel, who has supplied good footnotes and explanatory matter and has interwoven relevant letters from and to the diarist. (There is also an exceptionally helpful index.) Two more volumes will bring the account up to 1964.

The starting date is relevant to the author's character. Sir Harold began this journal when he retired from the Foreign Service. He retired because his wife would not live outside England or serve as a diplomat's socializing hostess, and he could no longer bear to spend much time away from her. They were devoted to each other; they had exchanged letters every day on which they were separated since their engagement in 1911. Since she would not leave the English countryside, he left his busy exile. With this chivalrous gesture, the journal begins.

It proceeds, fascinatingly, on three general lines: Sir Harold's individual life, work, and observations; his marriage and family life; his political life. All three are related, and he is so perceptive a man and so dexterous a writer that the momentous political events are only slightly more interesting than the rest.

When he left the Foreign Service he was 43. (He is now 80.) He had had an ascending diplomatic career; he had published four literary biographies, a book on biographical writing, a novel, and the probably imperishable *Some People*, an autobiography told through the device of character sketches of others. Nevertheless, at 43, he had both a career and a living to make.

The latter must be seen in perspective. He often mentions money pressures in the early 30's, but the Nicolsons always maintained two homes and several servants and lived in expectation of a large inheritance from his mother-in-law. It is true that Lady Nicolson cut herself off from an allowance (because of family differences) during her mother's lifetime, which caused some hardship; but the level of poverty on which the Nicolsons lived, with valet and maid and chauffeur and secretary and gardeners, is a pertinent and piquant part of this English portrait.

Sir Harold first went into journalism, as a columnist, soon loathed the newspaper world and left it after a year and a half. (August 22, 1931: "My last day at the *Evening Standard*. I have learnt much in this place. I have learnt that shallowness is the supreme evil.") Broadcasting, lecturing, reviewing, and political activity then occupied him – along with the writing of books. One result of his book-writing life and diplomatic experience was the commission to write the official biography of the lately deceased Dwight Morrow. This led to residence in America with Anne Morrow Lindbergh and her husband at the time of the trial of Hauptmann for the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby. The figure of Mrs. Lindbergh that emerges is highly appealing. The warmth of Lindbergh is a surprise; a few years later, Sir Harold's record of him as a Nazi sympathizer is no surprise.

At a relative ebb in their fortunes, the Nicolsons bought Sissinghurst Castle in Kent, a 16th-Century mansion that had been botched in alteration. (In his autobiography, an earlier author-parliamentarian, Edward Gibbon, notes that, during his militia days, he saw French prisoners-of-war at Sissinghurst in 1762.) Sir Harold's concern with its slow restoration and with the creation of its gardens is so serious that it must be weighed in judgment of his character and achievement. The editor, too, has thought this work so important that he has included a map of the estate and a page about the plantings.

The relation between the Nicolsons was – to Americans, at any rate – a typical English marriage: a combination of solo privacy and mutual love. They sent each other copies of their new books like good friends: "Thank you so much for sending me your *Diplomacy*," she wrote chummily to him in 1939. Yet this is the wife to whom he had written the year before, "You believe so much in passion that sometimes you underestimate love." She took little part in his London life so that, even after he left the Foreign Service, they were separated for a portion of almost every week – he in the House of Commons and society, she in her garden and study. This provided the chance for daily letters and for the maintenance of pronounced individuality within their loving union.

His London life is filled with memorable encounters and observations. In 1930 Bernard Shaw tells him at dinner that the 23-year-old Laurence Olivier is "a born actor." In 1931 he dines with A. E. Housman, whom he describes as "a *bon bourgeois* who has seen more sensitive days"; he discovers that the poet is not a Shropshire lad and has a defective knowledge of that county. At a disastrous lunch he meets James Joyce who is "so blind that he

(Continued on page 39)

* *Harold Nicolson:* Diaries and Letters 1930-1939, edited by Nigel Nicolson (Atheneum; $7.50)

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The Hartford Walker

by Stanley Kunitz

Wallace Stevens was so fine and rare a poet, such a dazzling virtuoso on the keyboard of language, that he became one with his instrument: the man disappeared. Or so it seemed in his lifetime. He did not move in literary circles or condescend, with two or three exceptions at the last, to read his poems in public. To be sure, we knew, or thought we knew, a few hard facts about him: birthdate 1879, Pennsylvania Dutch background, Harvard education, Hartford insurance connection. But these scarcely defined a character, and when he died in 1955, having just rounded off his 75 years with the publication of his *Collected Poems*, the event seemed neither final nor shattering: he had simply eluded us once more. Stevens was not a magisterial force like Eliot and Pound, who put western civilization under their jurisdiction, or an American culture hero like Frost and Williams. He was a voice, different from others, that "sang beyond the genius of the sea." The disembodied voice was what we heard.

The Letters of Wallace Stevens
edited by Holly Stevens
(Knopf; $17.50)

Holly Stevens must have been aware of the risk she took in letting us see her father plain. Inevitably the man, as he appears in his voluminous correspondence, is more flawed than his art; but this is only to confirm Yeats' warning that "the intellect of man is forced to choose perfection of the life or of the work." Only an artist could have sustained, over a span of sixty years, so much epistolary verve, even when he was dictating as he usually did, to a stenographer. Out of almost thirty-three hundred letters that were available for inclusion, Miss Stevens has made a bountiful selection, excising the deadwood at her discretion. Her biographical interpolations and occasional notes are models of editorial taste and intelligence. The publication of *The Letters of Wallace Stevens* is an event in American literary history.

Even as a high school boy in Reading, Stevens was mad about language. On a visit to his grandmother, in his sixteenth summer, he wrote home euphorically, anticipating the sweep and crackle of his mature style:

> "The piping of flamboyant flutes, the wriggling of shrieking fifes with rasping dagger-voices, the sighing of bass-viols, drums that beat and rattle, the crescendo of cracked trombones – harmonized, that is Innes band. Red geraniums, sweet-lyssoms, low, heavy quince trees, the mayor's lamps, Garrett playing on the organ, water-lilies and poultry – that is Ivyland. A shade tree, meagre grass, a peaky, waxen house, a zither, several books of poetry, a pleasant room – mine – that is our house."

I cannot help wondering whether his schoolteacher mother smiled at the affectation of his signing-off: "Forever with supernal affection, thy rose-lipped arch – angelic jeune Wallace Stevens."

After closing out the century at Harvard, where he made the grade as president of the *Advocate* and of the Signet Club, Stevens hopefully moved to New York to try his wings as a writer. He was a generation too early to become a citizen of Bohemia. From the dispirited records of this period, I surmise that the years of struggle to earn a living and to find his place in the sun hardened his temper and put a permanent stamp on his character. He failed as a reporter on the *Tribune*, took up the study of law, and failed again as a practicing attorney. The occasional verse that he produced fell unpromisingly flat. "Living a strange, insane

Two Poems

by Robert Graves

Mist

Deluge and Fire, rival pretenders
To ruling the world's end – they cannot daunt us
Whom flames will never scorch, nor floods drown,
While we stand firm against their treacherous child,
Mist, that stifles love,
Shrouding our clear stars and green gardens
And the rock of truth, and the secret pit,
And the demons clutching hands, and twitching mouths
Of those who wish us well.

Sun-Face and Moon-Face

We twin cherubs above the Mercy Seat,
Sun-face and Moon-face,
Locked in the irrecoverable embrace
Which guards our children from defeat,
Are fire not flesh; as no man may deny
Lest his own soul should die.

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kind of life," he noted in his Journal in 1904. "Working savagely; but have been so desperately poor at times as not to be able to buy sufficient food – and sometimes not any." Apparently he was too proud to ask for help from his father, a successful lawyer and businessman, who had four other children to think about and who was the sort of man, in any case, to keep a close watch on his accounts – a trait that his son inherited. In 1908 he began his lifetime association, in a legal capacity, with the insurance business; in 1909 he married; in 1915, in reply to Harriet Monroe, who was planning to publish his phenomenal "Sunday Morning" in *Poetry* (albeit in a mutilated version), he wrote laconically: "I was born in Reading, Pennsylvania, am thirty-five years old, a lawyer, reside in New York and have published no books."

Although he intermittently complained that business occupied too much of his mind and day, he appears to have enjoyed his work at the office and to have taken pride in it. "Yes, I am still here," he wrote to a former business associate during World War II, "doing exactly the same thing day after day. This is very largely my own fault, because I think I am happier so. The Company has made prodigious strides all during the war, and done a tremendous amount of business; we are now by far the largest company of the kind in the country." By that time he was vice-president of the Hartford Accident & Indemnity Co., immured in "a solemn affair of granite, with a portico resting on five of the grimmest possible columns." The clink of money made a satisfying background music.

One of the hidden blessings of his routine existence was that it compelled him to invent a kind of walking poetry, verse that reflects the energy of a man in stride. "I have to jot things down as I go along since, otherwise, by the time I got to the end of the poem I should have forgotten the beginning. Often, when I reach the office, I hand my notes to my stenographer who does a better job of deciphering them than I should be able to do myself. Then I pull and tug at the typed script until I have the thing the way I want it, and then I put it away for a week or two until I have forgotten about it and can take it up as if it was something entirely fresh. If it satisfies me at that time, that is the end of it."

Some of the dash and spontaneity of Stevens' verse may be attributed to his method of composition, determined though it was by circumstance. Except for the hiatus after the indifferent reception of *Harmonium* in 1923, the year of the furor about Eliot's *Waste-land*, he scarcely ever stopped producing verse. He was lucky enough to find, as every poet dreams of finding a way to be inexhaustibly fecund. The gross events of the life were not his meat; he did not cannibalize himself in his poems. As long as his mind kept turning, there was no way in which he could use up the materials of his art. Words beget words . . . "poetry is the subject of the poem." In the natural universe he found his lights and colors, things in themselves, an infinite store of metaphors. He did not get much sustenance from the drama of human relationships, nor was he stirred by a confessional impulse.

One can only guess how inordinately difficult it was for him to get down to a first-name basis with others. In his correspondence, even with those who might be considered his intimates, the formal mode of address tends to persist for years, or for a lifetime. Perhaps his formality, his air of imperturbable urbanity, his coolness, his assiduous cultivation of the role of burgher and connoisseur, of "spiritual epicure," as he styled himself, masked a fundamental insecurity, a crack in his psyche that could be traced back to the time of his early struggle for survival in New York, when he stared in depression out of his downtown "window in the slums." A pattern that repeats itself is his fantasy that in company he has blurted out something unmentionably offensive that will be held against him. In the follow-up it turns out that his fantasy was real.

What shall we say of his politics other than that they were deplorable? He complained consistently about taxes, the New Deal, the welfare state, foreign aid. How grateful we should be that his theory of poetics prevented him from writing as an opinionated man! A poetry of Republican irony would not have amused us long: "This year [1950] there is so much more to be thankful for: The Eskimos have corrugated roofs on their houses at your expense and mine; Tito is passing around sandwiches and lemonade on the USA; and we are giving a million Chinese a little outdoor exercise which is probably good for them." Without blinking an eye he could say, "I am pro-Mussolini. . . . The Italians have as much right to take Ethiopia from the coons as the coons had to take it from the boa constrictors." The subsequent correction, under pressure, to the effect that "my sympathies are the other way: with the coons and the boa-constrictors" does not help matters much. Communism fascinated him as much as it repelled him, for after all it, too, like fascism, presented itself as a principle of order. His "rage for order" subsumed what was best and worst in him. "I do very much have a dislike of disorder," he admitted. "One of the first things I do when I get home at night is to make people take things off the radiator tops." In the pursuit of domestic order Stevens took on several tasks to help his wife, washing the dishes and, among other chores, scrubbing the kitchen floor – surely the most ingratiating picture that we get of him after his arch-angelic adolescence.

Though he stands today as one of the unchallenged masters of modern poetry, he deprecated the quality of modern life and the symptomatic modernism of the arts. "What has this last year [1948] meant to me as a reasonably intelligent and reasonably imaginative person? What music have I heard that has not been the music of an orchestra of parrots and what books

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have I read that were not written for money and how many men of ardent spirit and star-scimitar mind have I met? Not a goddam one. And I think it is because the world in general is not really moving forward. There is no music because the only music tolerated is modern music. There is no painting because the only painting permitted is painting derived from Picasso or Matisse. And of course there are very few living individuals because we are all compelled to live in clusters: unions, classes, the West, etc." He made a point of refraining from reading his fellow-poets. An avowed Francophile, he had an agent in Paris who regularly shipped him French books of verse and philosophy and who picked up for his modest art collection a number of second-rate still-life and landscape paintings at bargain prices. Paris was the undisputed capital of civilization for him: he never took time out to visit it.

He was not generous in his appraisal of his peers, excepting Marianne Moore, for whom he held a long and affectionate regard as "a moral force 'in light blue' at a time when moral forces of any kind are few and far between." On inspection, his celebrated friendship with William Carlos Williams emerges as a rather tenuous affair. He never really warmed up to the poems, for to him they represented "an exhausted phase of the romantic." After Williams and Cummings, with their "mobile-like arrangement of lines" and their "verbal conglomerates," what could we expect in the next generation but the bare page, "for that alone would be new"?

When Williams, in his sick old age, "the least subversive man in the world," was denied the opportunity to serve as poetry consultant to the Library of Congress, as a consequence of the McCarthy hysteria, Stevens could only come to the lame conclusion: "I don't see how the government could be expected to countenance any man who is committed to throw bricks at it. Of all people, Williams would be the least justified in throwing bricks at it anyhow because his case is typical of the philosophy with which America treats those who came to it from elsewhere. It is true that he was born in this country but neither one of his parents were [sic], unless I am mistaken." In this connection it is relevant to note that Stevens hired professional genealogists to establish the purity of his ancestry. He had his heart set on admission to the Holland Society, which requires, for eligibility, an ancestor in a male line who lived in New York before 1675. To his disappointment, Stevens was able to go back before this date only through female lines.

Prior to the Williams contretemps he had refused to participate in a symposium on Ezra Pound, when the poet

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was being brought here to stand trial for treason: "While he may have many excuses, I must say that I don't consider the fact that he is a man of genius as an excuse. Surely, such men are subject to the common disciplines."

On Eliot (1950): "After all, Eliot and I are dead opposites and I have been doing everything that he would not be likely to do." On Frost (1954): "Frost is greatly admired by many people. I do not know his work well enough to be either impressed or unimpressed." On Dylan Thomas (1953): "Someone telephoned me yesterday to ask that I come down and speak at a memorial meeting for Dylan Thomas to which I said no. . . . He was an utterly improvident person. He spent what little money he made without regard to his responsibilities."

Wallace Stevens, let it be said, was not great-hearted; but he emerges from this book, with its relentless documentation of his passage, as a superior presence. The choice of an occupation that he made early in his career more or less determined the limitations of his sympathies and the backwardness of his politics; but the style of life that he perfected and the virtues that he cultivated were resolutely his own. His word of praise for others was "rectitude," and in its weight and measure the word seems right for him. I can admire his capacity to say No without equivocation, even when he did so for the wrong reasons. It may be that the most tangible thing about him was the solidity of his honor. "I don't profess to be erudite," he wrote. "My whole point is that, if I refer to a book as if I have read it, I have in fact read it." He brought his "tireless conscience" to bear on the smallest matters.

Students of Stevens will rejoice at the number of letters in which he patiently elucidates the most difficult of his poems, line by line and image by image – the most extensive commentary that any major poet has ever provided on his own work. Nobody will be able to write again on Stevens' poetics; on his philosophic assumptions about imagination and reality; or on his *idée fixe*, the Supreme Fiction, without reference to the recurrent exposition of these themes in his correspondence. Even more to the point, perhaps nobody will have to write about them, since Stevens has already supplied whatever gloss is needed.

It used to be said pejoratively of Stevens that he was a decorative poet, a charge that he resented. "I know exactly why I write poetry," he once commented, "and it is not for an audience. I write it because for me it is one of the sanctions of life." He quoted with approval "a precious sentence in Henry James":

> "To live *in* the world of creation – to get into it and stay in it – to frequent it and haunt it – to *think* intensely and fruitfully – to woo combinations and inspirations into being by a depth and continuity of attention and meditation – this is the only thing."

The vice-president of insurance was privileged to quote that sentence from the Notebooks because he shared the Master's passion for "the only thing." He was a flawed and consecrated man who had been visited by the necessary angel . . . the angel of *reality*, he kept insisting. For years he had been trying to get it down on paper. "The object is of course to purge oneself of anything false." Crispin, Peter Quince, Connoisseur of Chaos, The Man with the Blue Guitar, Ariel . . . it was Ariel at last who said it best for him, when he was almost ready to die. He called it "The Planet on the Table":

Ariel was glad he had written his poems.
They were of a remembered time
Or of something seen that he liked.

Other makings of the sun
Were waste and welter
And the ripe shrub writhed.

His self and the sun were one
And his poems, although makings of his self,
Were no less makings of the sun.

It was not important that they survive.
What mattered was that they should bear
Some lineament or character,

Some affluence, if only half-perceived,
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Of the planet of which they were a part.

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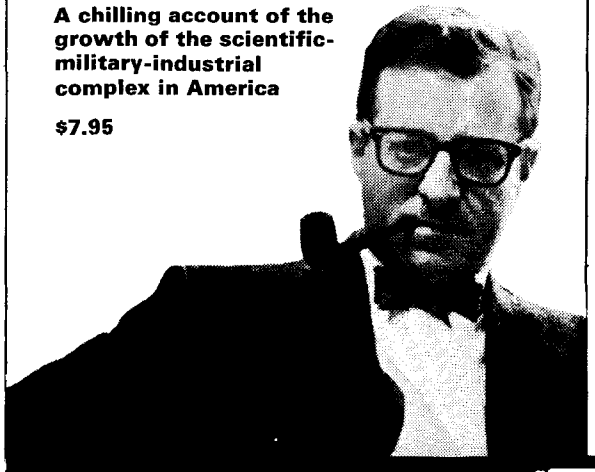

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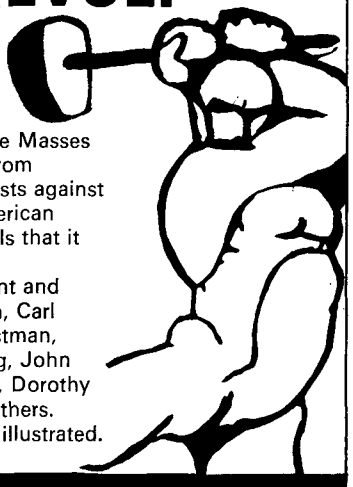
Introduction by Irving Howe
Afterword by Max Eastman



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Spanish Tragedy

by Michael Straight

In this study of the thirties, the frontier is Spain. The young Englishmen whose journeys end there are shown in two photographs in the book: Julian Bell squints into the sunlight at Cassis in the late summer of 1936; John Cornford, dark and resolute, frowns down on the photographer – myself. Cornford had come back to England from Spain and was soon to return to the front. For a moment, he paused in the courtyard gripping the lapel of his old tweed coat with one hand, and with the other pinching the last inch of a cigarette.

Journey to a Frontier
by Peter Stansky and
William Abrahams
(Atlantic-Little, Brown; $7.50)

Julian was born into Bloomsbury. He was led onto literature by Clive Bell and told the Greek myths by his mother. There was his aunt, Virginia Woolf, and Roger Fry and David Garnett who joined in the laughter when the child Julian made fun in his newspaper of Bloomsbury's most eminent man, John Maynard Keynes. Bloomsbury set high intellectual and artistic standards for such a favorite son. "Julian was always conscious of Bloomsbury," the authors tell us; "the pressure was there." Early on, he wondered if death in a good cause would not be preferable to a long life that might prove his failure to meet the standards set.

That prospect of failure first arose when Julian set out to become a Fellow of Kings College, Cambridge, and was turned down. After months of indecision, he accepted a teaching post in China, a move which he described as "a genteel form of suicide." He found some consolation in writing poetry and in falling in love, but consolation was not enough for him. The outbreak of the Civil War in Spain made his isolation and his inaction unendurable.

The frontier was thus identified; the journey was nonetheless tortuous. Bloomsbury was of course sympathetic to the Loyalists, but its sympathies were circumscribed by its rejection of all wars. The Bells and the Woolfs were ardent, eloquent pacifists. Rather than argue with them, Julian set forth his beliefs in an open letter to E. M. Forster. "Non-resistance," he wrote, "means suffering the full power of fascism. And fascism . . . will do its best to harry out of the world all liberal and humane ideas and men – At this moment, to be anti-war means to submit to fascism; to be anti-fascist means to be prepared for war."

Forster was skeptical. "He had a vigorous mind," he wrote of Julian, "and had been brought up in Cambridge where they argue, so it came natural to him to pop in a bunch of reasons." Virginia Woolf was baffled and heartsick. "I go on asking myself, without finding an answer, what did he feel about Spain? What made him feel it necessary, knowing . . . how it must torture Nessa, to go?"

For his mother's sake, Julian did give up his intention to fight. Instead, he drove loads of wounded soldiers over pitted roads to hospitals as much as 100 miles from the front lines. He was fully used and, being valued highly, was content. In the Escorial hospital, his chest torn open by shrapnel, he recognized the surgeon who was treating him – without hope – as a fellow student from Cambridge. "Well," he told him, "I always wanted a mistress, and a chance to go to war, and now I've had both."

John Cornford too was heir to the best of England's intellectual heritage. His mother, a poet, was a granddaughter of Charles Darwin; his father, an eminent authority on Greek philosophy, at once saw Darwin in his son's "very dark eyes and skin and thick black hair." And before long, the Darwin strain could be seen also in John's intellectual force. His comment, when his mother sent him two of her poems, went to the heart of her romantic outlook. "Are the poems you wrote really your most important experiences," he asked, "or has your view of poetry been so moulded by the traditional view, that the most important experiences are too repressed to occur in poem form at all?" He was then 14.

John went to Cambridge five years after Julian, and in those five years student attitudes were transformed. "In the Cambridge I first knew, in 1929," Julian wrote, "the central subject of ordinary, intelligent conversation was poetry. We hardly ever talked or thought about politics. . . . By the end of 1933 we have arrived at a situation in which almost the only subject of discussion is contemporary politics, and in which a very large majority of the more intelligent undergraduates are communists or almost communists . . . we are . . . involved. . . ." But while Julian's political involvement was tentative and mercurial, John's was irrevocable and

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complete. Cornford won high academic honors; they meant little to him. He worked to exhaustion, organizing protest meetings and recruiting new members into the student communist movement; he scorned sherry parties, the small talk, all of the fragile embellishments of Cambridge culture as "charades." (There were times, nonetheless, when he was called on to propose a motion in the Cambridge Union, he came to me to borrow the required clothes. As I struggled to tie his black tie, I saw that his hands were trembling. "Damn the bourgeoisie," he said. "They've given me the shakes." We started to laugh, and he was still laughing when he entered the debating hall.)

He was six weeks out of Cambridge when the rebellion in Spain began. He wasted no time in writing open letters to Bloomsbury. He packed a knapsack and headed for Madrid, as a journalist, but once at the front he signed on as a soldier in a Trotskyist battalion, the first Englishman to enlist in the war. "I shall fight like a communist if not like a soldier," he wrote. Three months later, he was a hardened soldier. He had fought through several battles, been wounded, had recruited a new batch of volunteers in England, and had seen many of them killed. "No wars are nice," he wrote, "and even a revolutionary war is ugly enough. But I'm becoming a good soldier with longish endurance, and a capacity for living in the present, and enjoying all that can be enjoyed. . . ." Three weeks later, on the morning of his twenty-first birthday he was killed, on the "English Crest" near Cordoba. So, the authors note, he "left life to become a myth."

It is not easy to write about a myth, but Peter Stansky, a young historian at Harvard, and William Abrahams, a young novelist, have succeeded. They have written without illusion, and yet with warmth and sympathy. The thirties have become contemptible to some, the "low dishonest decade" in Auden's words. After so many volumes written in scorn, condescension or bitterness and self-loathing, those who remember the thirties with pleasure as well as regret may lay down this book with a sense of stepping out of a swamp and onto dry land.

What is the answer to Virginia Woolf's question? Why did they go?

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The answer given in *Journey to a Frontier* is plain. Spain was *the* battleground on which the slow advance of fascism would be reversed and the mounting danger of world war held in check. Most young Englishmen felt that; 2,700 of them went to Spain to fight. They were untrained and almost unarmed, and 543 were killed. They were not sustained by the wealth and strength of their governments. Many were unemployed, without much to look forward to in England. Most of them were communists, but even for dedicated party members such as John Cornford, "communism" meant resisting immediate and visible evils, not an English carbon copy of the Soviet state.

Price Tags on Prosperity

by Edward Grossman

Here are two books of fiction whose similarity is that both were written by middle-aged Europeans distrustful of the Prosperous Life they find their contemporaries leading. In other respects these books part company. One is talky, the other economical; one is only superficially acquainted with its subject, the other is familiar with it; one is a novel, the other a collection of short stories; and one is a bad book, while the other, for the most part, is quite good.

The Extreme Occident
by Petru Dumitriu
(Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $6.95)
18 Stories
by Heinrich Böll
(McGraw-Hill; $5.50)

Petru Dumitriu, a Rumanian who was once the director of the Party-run State Publishing House, defected in 1960 and has been living in Frankfurt and writing in French. Four years ago his novel, *Incognito*, was welcomed by the conservative reviews (*Figaro Littéraire, Le Monde, Christ und Welt*), which liked to compare Dumitriu to Pasternak. His story of an idealistic Rumanian's progress from Communism to Christ was a rather heavy-handed retelling of *Doctor Zhivago*. ("And this was it," mused the hero after being tortured by his ex-comrades, "the sense and meaning of the universe: it was love.") What interest *Incognito* had lay in an occasionally credible character, a battle scene effectively rendered, a sense of place in the Danubian countryside.

Now that he has come over to the West (the "Extreme Occident"), Dumitriu cannot moralize as simply as before. He wants to come to terms with the puzzle that his new environment's excess of wealth – "jewelers, milliners, perfumers, florists, clusters of orchids, antique books with tooled leather bindings . . . whole pyramids of choice liqueurs, mountains of cigar boxes . . . marzipan" – coexists with an "intense feeling of dissatisfaction" among the people around him. Unluckily Dumitriu chooses to weave a tangled plot-skein of intrigues, strikes, peace marches, seductions and mutilations, café chatter, set in an anonymous but fabulously mercantile seaport in northwest Europe, and enacted by improbable personae like the S. J. Perelmanesque Arab conspirator "Mohammed Maltese" ("he was exuding his usual oily charm"), rich degenerates ("An iron bar, that's my favorite weapon. And I prefer children. Not women. Little waifs and strays"), and high-strung Rumanian refugees ("I am not a man of left-wing views!" cried Octavio, with a clear note of abhorrence. "I forbid you to say such a thing!"). All this in a serious, not a satirical, mood.

Without condescending, we may sympathize with Dumitriu. It is the rare exile whose native intelligence is so powerful, whose literary baggage is so portable, and whose psyche remains sufficiently intact that he can amuse his hosts and even instruct them on their own follies (Nabokov comes to mind, perhaps Auden, and who else?).

The West German Heinrich Böll begins a short story about the moral price-tag on prosperity this way:

"That evening we had invited the

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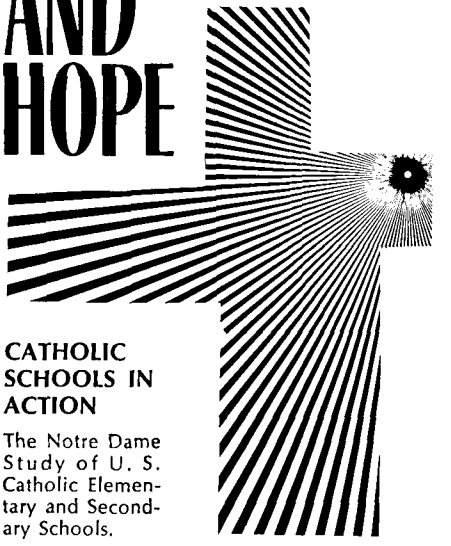

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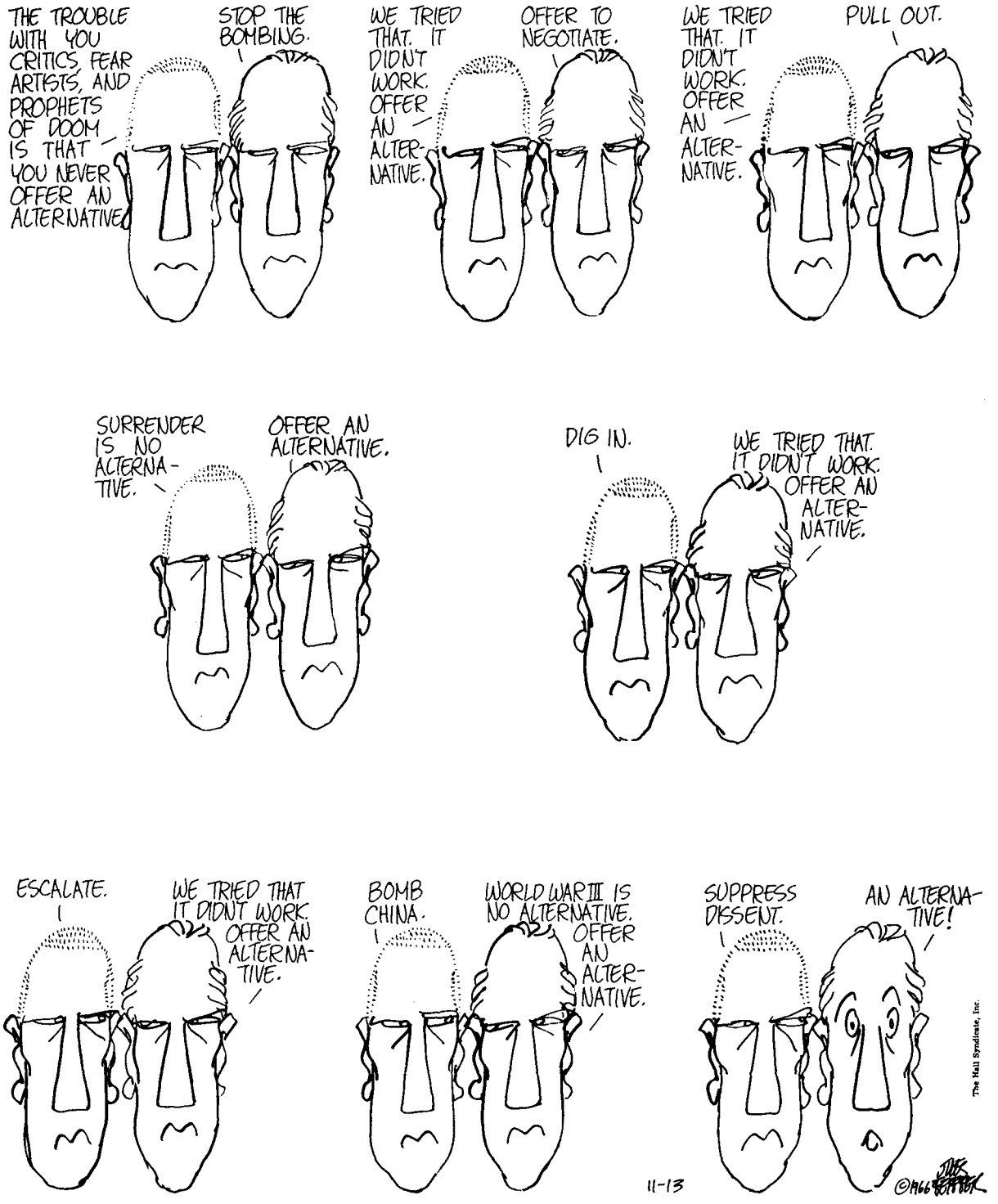
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Zumpens over for dinner, nice people; it was through my father-in-law that we had got to know them: ever since we have been married he has helped me to meet people who can be useful to me in business, and Zumpen can be useful: he is chairman of a committee which places contracts for large housing projects, and I have married into the excavating business."

At least two-thirds of the stories here (admirably translated by Leila Vennewitz) sustain this dry, suggestive voice. In them Böll is convincing: he is in control of his language, of his goal, of the reader, and most pleasing of all, his clear eye for a multitude of mundane villainies does not keep him from sympathizing with his protagonists. They are spiritual outsiders to the *Wirtschaftswunder* but hardly able to act significantly against it. In "The Thrower-away," a functionary is making a comfortable living simply unwrapping and disposing of junk mail for a corporation. Subconsciously despising himself for this non-work which flush times have given him, he seeks to rescue his esteem with self-imposed "research" in his field:

"I am making an intensive study of a young man from my neighborhood who earned his living as a book reviewer but at times was unable to practice his profession because he found it impossible to undo the twisted wire tied around the parcel, and even when he did find himself equal to this physical exertion, he was incapable of penetrating the massive layer of gummed paper with which the corrugated paper is stuck together. The man appears deeply disturbed and has now gone over to reviewing the books unread and placing the parcels on his bookshelves without unwrapping them. I leave it to the reader's imagination to depict for himself the effect of such a case on our intellectual life."

What can mar a Böll story – and a handful here are imperfect – is when his sympathy goes over into pathos, as in "The Death of Elsa Baskoleit," an elegy to the memory of a little girl killed in the war. The two novels for which Böll is known in this country, *Billiards at Half-Past Nine* and *The Clown*, though they stand among the best work to come out of Germany since the war, are sporadically hurt by the same kind of too-vivid identification of the author with sensitive misfits who find themselves separated from the dominant strain of callous, optimistic Teutonism. This sentimentality is curious in a writer who can be as viciously anti-sentimental as Böll is in his rendering of a lady-listener's letter to the PR man at the state radio station:

"The way the canine soul is being neglected in radio is gradually becoming a disgrace. And you call that humanism. I am sure Hitler had his bad points: if one is to believe all one hears, he was a dreadful man, but one thing he did have: a real affection for dogs, and he did a lot for them. When are dogs going to come into their own again in German radio?"

I prefer Böll when he is in this frame of mind to when he is over-drawing his humanity, which is considerable to begin with – especially in comparison to the rougher and more inventive Gunter Grass. Within the form of a short story Böll is often able to strike a fine balance between his twin tendencies. The result is gratifying to read and sometimes quite funny.

Lyndon Johnson as Literary Critic

by Larry L. King

Lyndon B. Johnson had hardly ascended the throne when the United States Information Agency bought and distributed 214,000 copies of a book by an ex-LBJ staffer and long-time intimate, Booth Mooney. Mooney is a wonderful friend. His book, *The Lyndon Johnson Story*, was a hymn of praise from invocation to benediction. Reading it, I recalled a film, *Redskin*

Lyndon B. Johnson: The Exercise of Power
by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak
(New American Library; $7.95)

Football Highlights of 1961, in which the Washington team ran, passed, and kicked its way to what apparently was the greatest string of unbroken victories since Napoleon struck out for Toulon. Actually, the Redskins had won but a single game.

Though he strangely boasted a few years back that he couldn't remember the last time he finished a book, the President devoured the Mooney book with delight. Johnson's friends were forever having gift copies show up in the mail, lovingly autographed not by the author but by the subject. Congressmen, critics, or even casual office visitors might suddenly find LBJ pressing a copy of Mooney's book on them and saying that if they wanted to know anything about him – well, here it was, right here, all of it. That Mooney took a leave of absence from LBJ's staff to write the book for use as a glorified campaign tract may have escaped Johnson's mind.

USIA has made it known that it will *not* stock for its shelves *Lyndon B. Johnson: The Exercise of Power*, a political biography by the columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak. This is a shame. No more definitive biography of Lyndon B. Johnson exists – and may not until history brings us the longer view.

The skeletal structure of the book is familiar. It traces the Johnson career from New Deal congressman to a President bedeviled in mid-1966 by Vietnam, the white backlash, a nervous stockmarket, the credibility gap, and off-year Republican resurgence. But Evans and Novak rise far above the retelling of warmed-over tales. Details of ancient intrigues, manipulations and successes are so numerous

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the mind boggles at what fantastic research must have gone into this work. Someway, somehow, the authors convinced great numbers of people to talk candidly about a man who lets it be known that he is perfectly capable of talking about himself, thank you, and will select the subject, the time, and the place. ("Actually," Evans says, "most people talked compulsively once we got them started. They seemed to want to get it off their chests.") Only one old LBJ crony slipped around to see the authors under cover of night – and more than 300 were interviewed.

The authors have had close access to Johnson and his staffers over the years. Evans covered Capitol Hill for *The New York Herald Tribune;* Novak for Associated Press and *The Wall Sreet Journal.* Wisely, they saved their notes. Anecdote follows anecdote. All are artfully used. It is all there: the hoo-hawing, indiscriminate profanity and compulsive flesh-pressing; LBJ's crying need to be loved by all and yet retain a drill sergeant's iron-fisted control; the little miracles and helpful deceits which form the foundation stone of Lyndon Johnson's career. The authors have not, however, dealt in literary assassination. They are careful to bestow praise when they feel praise is due. Indeed, one feels that in defending Johnson's decision to land troops in the Dominican Republic they are his sympathetic hawks. (Evans and Novak reason thus: John F. Kennedy feared most of all "a second Castro" in the western hemisphere; the Dominican revolt held that potential; *ergo,* LBJ was right – and, they imply, acted in concert with what Kennedy might have done.) They understand Johnson's troubled Jekyll-Hyde existence: parochial nose-pick politician on the one hand and frustrated national figure on the other, describing it with more charity than long-suffering Texas liberals, or such uncompromising men as Senator Paul Douglas, will appreciate. ("Let's pretend that we really *are* senators," Douglas once said bitterly to a colleague after LBJ had thwarted him with another half-loaf compromise, "and push the bell three times." He referred to the signal senators use when ringing for elevators). Their recitations of Johnson's Senate Majority Leader miracles are sometimes given in gee-whiz tones, seldom stressing that much of the magic was sleight-of-hand illusion. (As when Johnson sang the blues to newsmen, claiming certain defeat on measures he knew full well would pass because Bobby Baker's meticulous head count told him so – and because he had thoughtfully stashed a few nose-ring senators in the cloakroom to herd forward for their dances when drama reached the proper pitch). Measured against their otherwise remarkable grasp of this complex, contradictory man one almost suspects that the authors – or editors – gilded LBJ's lily in spots so as to give a more detached appearance to what really is a hard-hitting book.

Still, there is much here to flatter and please the average mortal – but then it's been said that our President owns "extra glands," and we have boatloads of evidence that he bleeds at the slightest critical pen-prick. Some scenes may give him political hemophilia.

Example: the festive night in December, 1963, when LBJ gathered in the White House a group of six revelers including Senators Fulbright and McCarthy, an obscure Texas congressman, and only one representative of the Executive Branch. Tossing them a speech drafted by his staff for delivery before the United Nations (his first as President), Johnson cavalierly invited his guests to "take a shot at improving it." "Whereupon the six men scribbled away on the margins of the speech in high good humor – some changing a word, others writing in substantive revisions." Diplomacy by Cutty Sark doesn't make me sleep better at night, Jack Valenti to the contrary.

There is the cynical tableau in which Johnson blandly discusses with his Council of Economic Advisers how to phony up his budget enough to come in at less than $100 million, so that Congress and the public would buy his proposed tax cut. (" 'Once you have the tax cut,' Johnson added, 'you can do what you want just like Eisenhower did. Eisenhower talked economy and then spent,' Johnson said wryly,")

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There is that symbol of fiscal integrity, the late Harry Byrd, telling LBJ of the tax cut proposal, "I'm going to have to vote against the bill, but I'll be working for you behind the scenes." Civics teachers and orthodox economists may not approve, but that's the way the game is played.

Neither will Lyndon Johnson be pleased by remarks on his free-wheeling operations abroad during the time of his Vice-Presidency. He drove diplomatic officials wild by demanding over-sized beds to fit his lanky frame, shipping his favorite limousine ahead, dispatching a Navy plane from Taipeh to Hong Kong to buy his favorite brand of Scotch. Career diplomats cringed at the way LBJ trampled on protocol. Once, showing up in London on extremely short notice, he skipped out early on a dinner in his honor to which the cream of British politics had been invited. His excuse was the need for bed rest. The British were not amused when newspaper photographs the next day showed Johnson among wee-hour revelers "at a snappy Park Lane nightclub." Such overseas excesses, the authors deduce, resulted from LBJ's hemmed-in, frustrated feeling during the long thousand days he stood in John F. Kennedy's shadow.

The book abounds in fascinating sections, especially from the period of Johnson's Senate Majority Leader days forward. It comes miles closer than anything in print to answering that ancient question, what is LBJ *really* like? The subject may not feel it is required reading. I do.

Notes on Contributors

Stanley Kunitz *received the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1959.* Robert Graves' *newest book of poems,* Love Respelt, *was published last season by Doubleday.* Michael Straight *was editor of this journal for many years.* Edward Grossman, *an editor of* Harper's Magazine, *is writing a book on modern European history.* Larry L. King *served as Administrative Assistant to two Texas congressmen for a decade and traveled with the 1960 Kennedy-Johnson campaign team. His novel,* The One-eyed Man, *was published this year by the New American Library.*

Correspondence

The B+ Congress

Sirs:

In your issue of October 22 you gave the 89th Congress the high mark of B+. The following week TRB was even more enthusiastic, calling the 89th a "fabulous" Congress. I completely disagree with this favorable assessment, because I believe that the domestic accomplishments of the 89th are nothing compared to its terrible record in Vietnam.

Can one weigh two billion for a largely ineffectual war on American poverty against 20 billion for a real war in Vietnam? Can one weigh a truth-in-packaging bill for Americans against crop destruction and attempted starvation of Vietnamese? Can one weigh reduced medical bills for American old people against the napalm-burning of Vietnamese children?

Let us not say that Congress had no power to stop the atrocities. All it needed to do was to refuse to appropriate the money. But on the contrary, Congress gave its full support to the war. In strange contrast to the close votes on domestic legislation, Congress was nearly unanimous in passing military appropriation bills. Congress gave President Johnson even more money for military purposes and more power to mobilize troops than he asked for.

Don B. Lichtenberg
Bloomington, Indiana

Whisper Campaign

Sirs:

The recent defeat of the purchase of 80 acres of woodland for public recreational uses by a small shore town in southern Connecticut has some disturbing implications for the future of race relations in rural New England. Assuredly, race was not the only issue in the period of controversy that preceeded the town meeting. The renewal of a long time political rivalry swayed some votes; as did the costs predicted by the Taxpayers Protective Association of Westbrook, an ad hoc committee formed to defeat the proposal.

What really killed it, however, was a

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You Either Get It —Or You Don't

By JEROME AGEL
Editor of a Monthly Misnomer

Everyone – well, almost everyone – okay, would you believe Mopsy Strange? – is reading and talking about "BOOKS" THE LIVELY MONTHLY published just for you, the lively reader with a lively sense of humor. Princeton prof: "BOOKS is fantastically imaginative. Put me down for two more subscriptions. No, make it three." Newsweek: "First-rate scoops." Celebrated novelist: "I hate the editor, but love BOOKS. It's clever, original, enterprising – and very entertaining." James Purdy: "How can you last? Isn't America beautiful enough without you?" One reason up to an unprecedented 75 per cent of our readers have re-subscribed – trendmaker, trendmaker, make me a trend! – is that we believe books, authors, films, viable ideas – life – aren't as dull as review media make them out to be. Every issue is an unpredictable experience. We spotted McLuhan, Berne, Nader, "Passover Plot," the turned-on grandmother (with picture), "Hon," "Choice Cuts," "Ho Chi Minh's Daughter," "Finnegans Wake" (film version), etc., etc., etc. Another original service: Summaries of hundreds of hardcovers, paperbacks when they're new. "Can't put you down until I've read every word – twice." "Terrific writing, illustrations, insights. Go go go." "Important books never had it so good." "Only one regret: I should have subscribed sooner. Your ads don't do justice to BOOKS." "Funniest, most exhilarating thing I've read. Who are you? How do you do it?" See for yourself. Let us come visit every month. *Hi.*

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whisper campaign. Bluntly, its message was that approval of the purchase would open the land to Negroes, Puerto Ricans, and so-called "undesirable" people from the nearby cities of New Haven, Hartford, and Middletown. . . .

These hints of an invasion worked particularly well on those former city and suburb dwellers who had moved to Westbrook to escape slum conditions and racial unrest. Westbrook natives were stirred by the threat too, especially that segment opposed to any change at all. Ironically, both these groups found a reason for their opposition in advocating that Westbrook be kept as it is. The hypocrisy of this argument is clear once one considers that the intent in buying the land was to leave it undisturbed for some time.

An unusually large number attended the town meeting – over 400 in a town of less than 3,000 – and defeated the $51,500 purchase 239 to 194.

My concern over the decision is not so much the immediate need for recreational land. Westbrook has a fine town beach and large inland tracts of undeveloped woods and fields. It will probably be quite some time before the proportion of people to land warrants such a purchase. (The whole idea of buying it now was to save it for future generations.) The attitude of the majority in turning down the purchase is what bothers me. If this much fuss is raised about "undesirables" coming in for the day, what will happen when these ethnic groups come in to live? I got the impression that Westbrook is being maintained as a private preserve for a privileged class of landowners. The tax rate has been kept at 23 mills for the past five years and shows no sign of increasing.

The insularity, the prejudice, fears, and selfishness shown by the town have, I fear, a larger meaning, one which bodes ill for the future.

Two urban areas, New Haven and Middletown, are pressing in on Westbrook. The more affluent members of the white race have been the first wave of immigrants to Westbrook's rural scene. The next ten years will undoubtedly bring the Negro, the Cuban, and the Puerto Rican. . . .

Eastern cities and suburbs are right now being put to the test and are found almost as wanting in human decency as the South. Will the façade of Northern justice and racial equality completely disintegrate in towns like Westbrook? . . .

Robert H. Kilpatrick
Clinton, Conn.

Haggin on Record

Sirs:

I find that the last sentence of my October 29 column and *The New Republic*'s announcement gave some readers the impression that I decided to discontinue my record column and *The New Republic* thereupon decided to inaugurate its new music column. May I correct this wrong impression by stating that *The New Republic* made both decisions, which of course it was entitled to do.

B. H. Haggin
New York, N.Y.

Campaign Revenues

Sirs:

TRB is right in criticizing the fact that the campaign chests of minority parties will be deprived of tax money (November 5). He is wrong in assuming that this trick with taxes will free presidential candidates from indebtedness to big donors. What is to prevent candidates from continuing to accept large contributions in addition to the government subsidy? With the rising cost of TV and radio time, of public relations experts, and of printing costs, candidates will need all the money they can get. . . . In short, this law will not broaden the base of support for parties unless Congress outlaws such organizations as the President's Club and puts a ceiling on how much money a man may give to a party and on how much a party may accept from a single person.

Stanley Mallach
Madison, Wisconsin

Economic Turnabout

Sirs:

TRB's statement ("Economic Turnabout," October 22) is a most disconcerning misinterpretation of Gardner Ackley's statement and of economic facts.

Mr. Ackley is *not* speaking of a program for "putting a brake on America's amazing capacity of expansion in order to halt mild inflation." He has ventured his estimate of our capacity to increase *real* (excluding price changes) output, *given* that we are already at full capacity, (as we, in effect, are at this time.)

You refer to the present rate of growth as being "5 *or* 6 percent." (It is at present 5 percent in real terms). Then you claim that the difference between 4 or 5 percent is significant ($5.2 billion a year). If it is so significant then you had better get your estimate of our real growth rate correct for purposes of comparison with Mr. Ackley's 4 percent.

As for historical comparisons. In the expansion we have been experiencing our economy has maintained a real rate of growth of close to 5 percent a year. But this has included absorption over time of existing *excess* capacity. As for 9 percent in WWI, we were absorbing a good deal of excess capacity at that time as well. Also, the economic picture in terms of capacity to raise real output can change in 50 years.

Let me assure you, Mr. Ackley does not wish to dampen our growth. He wants to ascertain how fast capacity to produce *can* grow per year, given full capacity output to start with. *While* absorbing excess capacity, real output has grown at 5 percent per year; 4 percent is a reasonable hypothesis

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once we have reached excess capacity. The 4 percent is *not* an arbitrary figure. It is a given fact (subject to change over time), which Mr. Ackley wants to estimate accurately so he can achieve growth and stable prices. If it were in fact 8 or 9 percent he would be very happy.

John H. Makin
Chicago, Ill.

Slum Plan

Sirs:

Your article about Senator Kennedy's slum plan (October 22) is an interesting one, although others in the past have suggested that two birds could be dispatched with one stone by giving slum dwellers construction jobs in the rehabilitation of their own districts. The protest of St. Louis Negroes against their exclusion from the Building Trades Unions engaged in waterfront renewal in that city was a related event. I was surprised that your article failed to mention the Building Trades problem, which has made plans such as the Senator's seem far-fetched in the past. However, his proposal seems much more thoroughly prepared than any prior suggestion, and even more important, the immense prestige of the Kennedy name may be just what is needed to crack the power of Jim Crow Building Trades Unions.

Richard B. Collins, Jr.
San Francisco, Calif.

Down the Down Staircase

Sirs:

In *The New Republic* of October 22, 1966, there is an article, "Down The Down Staircase," which analyzes the situation at Intermediate School 201. As a central figure in this controversy, I do not wish to question the article, however, I do wish to question the cavalier treatment of an outstanding citizen of the Harlem community, Arthur Schomburg. Any knowledgeable person, who is at all familiar with the general Harlem community or who writes about Harlem and its community, should know that there is an Arthur Schomburg Library near Lenox Avenue and 135th Street which houses the largest collection of literature in the world in the area of Negro and African history. Mr. Schomburg, who was born in Puerto Rico and was of African descent, amassed the nucleus of this collection which was then endowed by the Carnegie Foundation. There are many people in the community who know of Mr. Schomburg and his work. Those who do not, should.

Stanley R. Lisser, Principal
I. S. 201
New York, N. Y.

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

stares away from one at a tangent, like a very thin owl." He thinks that T. S. Eliot is "without pose and full of poise. He makes one feel that all cleverness is an excuse for thinking hard." The pages of this journal, typed quickly after breakfast each day and then tucked away, are strewn with nice comments that would not have been out of place in *Some People.* ("He sat down on the sofa with the studied leisure of a man who can only give you three minutes of his time and wishes not to appear rushed.")

Sir Harold's political life was so intense and, one may say, so sincere that it gives an extra dimension to even his literary and social life. It epitomizes both his power of perception and his romanticism. After deciding not to run for Parliament as a Liberal in 1930, he joined the New Party of Oswald Mosley which, at that time, seemed an organ of action and possibility in a soft political situation dominated – or not dominated – by Ramsay MacDonald. Mosley was an ex-Labourite (expelled), who in these early days had the support of such people as C. E. M. Joad, the Sitwells and John Strachey, and the sympathy of Aneurin Bevan and John Maynard Keynes. Sir Harold ran, and was defeated, as a New Party candidate in 1931, and he edited the party's weekly paper during its brief existence. He even suggested grey flannel uniforms for its action squads. But by early 1932 he saw the road that lay ahead of Mosley and dissociated himself.

In 1935 he was elected to Parliament as a candidate of the small National

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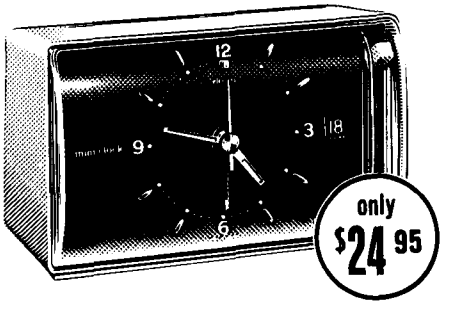

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Labour Party headed by MacDonald. (This party affiliation was the result of political tangle and expedience – Nicolson was known to be anti-socialist.) He never held any office of importance, but he was called frequently to private meetings and was consulted by the leaders of both Government and Opposition because of his Foreign Service experience, his reputation as a writer on political and diplomatic subjects, his family background, and his personality. These meetings provide his journals with dozens and dozens of backstage glimpses with, surprisingly, Stanley Baldwin one of the more vivid men, along with the old MacDonald and the already veteran Winston Churchill. (As early as 1930, Sir Harold notes that Churchill looks "incredibly aged.") Of all the political conversations that might be cited, perhaps the most touching is one between the old friends-antagonists Churchill and Lloyd George, in which the former gently argues with the latter and keeps calling him "my dear."

Excepting the inarguably great like those two, these inside views will destroy any last illusion that the reader may have of politicians as superior beings with special professional gifts. The vast majority, as these pages show yet again, are simply men who go into politics instead of banking or insurance and who, merely by this choice, get control of the very lives of all the rest of us.

As for Sir Harold's political insight, it was above average. He made his flubs, and his son-editor has retained them. In January 1932, on a visit to Germany, he wrote: "My general impression is that Hitler has missed the boat." But aside from a remarkable feat of imagination (he wrote a novel in 1932 that "foretold, by name and function, the atomic bomb"), he also reveals some power of analysis, particularly during the period of the Munich crisis in 1938. Through his eyes, in the years of the increasing slope down into war, we see once again a country still so shocked by the great gashes of the First War that its government lacked the will to arm, which was all that might have prevented the Second War. Sir Harold was not deceived by Neville Chamberlain's "peace in our time." He was one of the two men on the executive committee of his party who voted against supporting Chamberlain. He was in the minority. This first volume ends with the opening of the war.

Yet, irreverent though the comment may sound, there is some confirmation in this book that the Englishman, however serious, tends to see his government as a private club and parliamentary life as a private theatre – a kind of enlargement of the Oxford Union in which, by ritual and protocol, he achieves neat triumphs or suffers caste failures. Even when the gravest matters are at stake and the gravest of men are aware of them, there is a sense of conventions as rigid as those of the Chinese stage and as valued for their own formal sake. In 1936 Sir Harold utters one unfortunate phrase in a speech in the Commons, which gives Churchill a quickly-seized opening, and the journal records: "Three minutes of blindness and a ruined career!" It was not true, of course, but the concept of a career as ruinable by a trivial forensic lapse is what is germane. In 1937 he writes: "Nor can any triumph be so sweet as a real oratorical triumph in the House of Commons. I wonder if I shall ever have one." He does have one. Six months later, after another speech, Lloyd George calls it: "A fine Parliamentary performance" and Churchill says, "That was a magnificent speech. I envy you your gift." The subject was the crisis that caused Anthony Eden's resignation, but it is the element of the fine performance that dominates. I kept thinking, while reading about these matters of Parliamentary finesse, of the seriousness with which Sir Harold also takes his garden: another outstandingly English activity, another controllable arena of cultivation, of formal arrangement as triumph.

In 1935 he wrote, after conversation with a friend:

> "I think it odd that I who have worked so hard and have written so many books should not have a serious literary position. I have been thinking that this must be due to the fact that I do not possess essentially a literary gift. I therefore desire politics as a sort of alibi from literary failure. And then come these two chance remarks, one telling me that I am not suited for politics, the other . . . that my failure to achieve an established literary reputation is due more to my contemporaries than any lack of talent."

The truth, one feels, is that the choice is false, that his political talent is like his literary talent, genuinely serviceable if not profound; that his real value lies in his diversity. It is his versatility, rather than his supreme accomplishment in any one field, that makes him interesting and that makes us impatient for the last two volumes of his journal. Contrasts are easy to extract from any life, but there are few diarists who meet and write acutely about a range of people from the figures mentioned above to Gary Cooper and Virginia Woolf.

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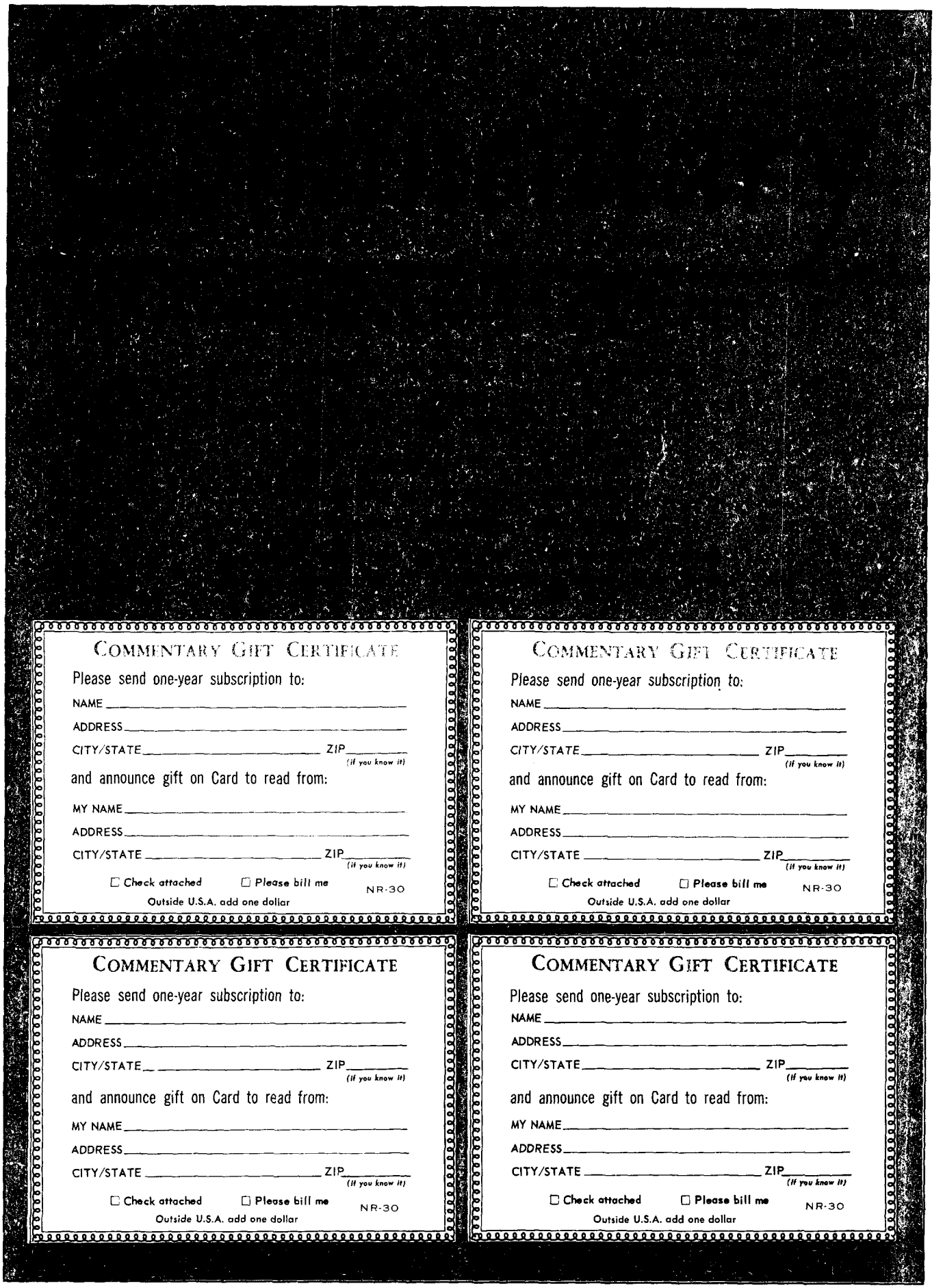

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